THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JULY, 1807.

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4 New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and TRIMMINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. T. will see that we have, as he wished, inserted the whole of his poem. His contributions will be always acceptable.

The continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* in our next, *certainly*.

The *Ode* on the *Surrender of Dantzic* is received, and shall have a place.

Matilda Spencer's contributions are received.

I. G.'s long letter must be abridged before it can be admitted.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JULY, 1807.

ADELAIDE;

OR,

The TRIUMPH of CONSTANCY.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the days when warlike knights and barons bold, though they acknowledged fealty to a superior sovereign, yet governed their little districts with despotic sway, acknowledging no law but their own will and turbulent passions, and engaging in cruel and implacable feuds and conflicts with each other, lived Adelaide de Dorville, the daughter of a gentleman in the retinue of Charles count of Poitou. Mild, gentle, and unambitious, Adelaide had listened with complacency to the professions of love made to her by Orlando, a youth of similar station in life with herself, and of similar dispositions of mind and heart. Incessantly in the company of each other, their mutual affection increased every day; and each seemed to live but for the other. Neither wealth nor splendour had in their eyes any charms which could for a moment divert their attention: their happiness seemed to admit of no addition.

It chanced that Raimond the nephew of the count of Poitou, and the lord of large domains in Brittany, being then at the court of his uncle, cast his eyes on the lovely Adelaide. He saw, and admired; he admired, and he wished to possess. He employed all the arts he thought most proper to seduce the female heart. He displayed himself before her in all his pomp and pageantry; he distinguished her by the most flattering attentions and condescension; and intimated to her, that his admiration of her beauty and merits would ever secure to herself and her father such rewards and honours as it might be proper for him to bestow, and for them to receive. Adelaide, artless and unsuspecting herself, at first heard these offers with humility and gra-

titude: she listened apparently with complacence to the flatteries and attentions of lord Raimond, and her little heart dilated in a small degree with what may be called vanity, though by no means of that kind which could in the least shake her solid virtue, her constant affection.

Lord Raimond, having succeeded thus far, applied to the count of Poitou to grant his permission for the father of Adelaide to enter into his service; which having obtained, he took him and his daughter with him to his castle in Brittany, where he soon advanced him to be the first officer at his court, at which, for some time, nothing was to be seen but tournaments, festivals, and entertainments of the most sumptuous kind, at all of which Adelaide was the most distinguished among the ladies.

Orlando, in the mean time, who, without any particular invitation from lord Raimond, had followed Adelaide into Brittany, became very uneasy; and in his interviews with Adelaide, which were now become somewhat less frequent than they had before been, he could not avoid letting her perceive that uneasiness, and anxiously making enquiries of such a nature as were sufficient to indicate that jealousy was beginning to take possession of his heart. But Adelaide answered with the most artless innocence, protesting that all the honours and distinctions she had submitted to receive were accepted by her merely for her father's sake, whose fortune appeared likely to be essentially benefited by the favour of lord Raimond; and she assured Orlando, in the most solemn manner, that her affections must ever continue faithful to him.

At length, however, lord Raimond, conceiving that he had sufficiently prepared the way, proceeded to give such intimations of his real views and intentions as could not be mistaken by Adelaide; and he soon after made his attack in form, by a most ardent declaration of his love, and the most splendid promises of reward would she condescend to comply. It was with difficulty that Adelaide could make her escape from the violence of his embraces, and fly to her father for protection. It was immediately resolved that they and Orlando should immediately set out on their return to the court of the count of Poitou, who was well known to be a prince of of the most rigid manners and the most inflexible virtue, who would certainly afford them the most effectual protection. But before they reached the frontiers of the territory of lord Raimond, a number of soldiers, disguised as banditti, attacked them, and carried off Adelaide, after having robbed her father and Orlando of all the valuables they had about them, and left them bound, to prevent a pursuit.

It was not long, as may be supposed, before Adelaide was again brought before lord Raimond, who received her more like a desperately enamoured lover than one who had been the author of so violent an act as the forcible seizure of her person. He threw himself on his knees before her, lavished on her the tenderest and most affectionate expressions, promised her the highest honours, rewards, and distinctions, and vowed that, when he should be released from certain engagements he was under to some branches of his family, he would redeem her honour, by making her his wife.—But Adelaide firmly answered—'My lord, I am in your power; but you cannot force my heart, which has been long devoted to another, and must ever remain so. Know likewise, that I utterly despise all your proffered rewards and distinctions, when placed in compe-

tition with my virtue.' After she had uttered this answer, lord Raimond could not get from her another word; and rage, at length, succeeding to his love, he sternly exclaimed —'You must then feel my vengeance; suffering may subdue even obstinacy like yours.'

Immediately he called an attendant, and ordered, that she should be confined in a damp and dismal dungeon, and there be fed on bread and water, till he gave further commands concerning her.

The father of Adelaide, and her lover, in the mean time, having been released from their bonds by some travellers, reached the court of the count of Poitou, and informed him of the behaviour of his nephew, and in what a manner Adelaide had been violently seized and carried off, most probably by his orders. The good old count expressed the utmost indignation at the conduct of his nephew, and ordering his attendants to be summoned, immediately set out with a strong escort, and accompanied by the father of Adelaide and Orlando, for the castle of lord Raimond; where, when he arrived, he abruptly demanded of him what he knew of the seizure of Adelaide, and where she had been conveyed to. Raimond at first prevaricated, and wished to have it supposed that he had no participation in the act of carrying her off; but the count would be satisfied with no answer but a positive denial, sanctioned by a solemn oath.—'The suspicion,' said he, 'my lord, that rests on you, is strong: the charge is of the most serious and disgraceful kind, and must be repelled with sincerity and honour. The ends of all government are lost, if those who govern may with impunity commit the crimes they were appointed to restrain. Foolish, as well as wicked, likewise, are such rulers, for they most rapidly undermine their own authority. They may for a time be feared as well as hated, but they never can be loved and truly honoured, and, when least they expect, they may be hurled from the pinnacle of their grandeur and pride into the very dungeons into which they have plunged the innocent.'

The count discoursed in this manner a long time with so much energy and vehemence, that his nephew, at length, unable to bear his reproaches, threw himself at his feet, and confessed, that, overpowered by disgraceful passions, he had caused Adelaide to be seized and confined; but he declared that he was now willing immediately to release her, and make her every reparation in his power, if he might be restored to the favour of his virtuous uncle, whose generous goodness and noble conduct had made him despise himself for the unjust and base act he had committed.

They immediately proceeded to the dungeon in which Adelaide was confined, and where she had passed many wretched hours; but without swerving in the least from her virtuous constancy, by what she had suffered or might fear to suffer. When the door now opened, she turned her eyes towards it with dread, as not knowing for what fate she was reserved. But what was her astonishment when she saw enter the good count of Poitou, her father, and Orlando, followed by the lord Raimond, who fell at her feet, and submissively entreated her forgiveness for all the insults and cruelties she had suffered from him. The scene appeared to her like a magical illusion of the senses, as it seemed scarcely possible that it should be real.

The count of Poitou then advanced, introducing Orlando; and joining the hands of him and Adelaide, assured them that he would

protect and provide for them: lord Raimond engaged to make them a present of a considerable portion of land; and their union, which soon after followed, completed the *triumph of constancy* and virtue.

MADAME GRASSINI.

(With a Portrait.)

WE this month present our readers with the sketch of a portrait of Madame GRASSINI, similar to that which we gave of Signor NALDI. To give the eulogium of this performer would be unnecessary; her merits are well known to all acquainted with the science and practice of music. She is, we believe, a native of Naples, but has resided a considerable time in this country. The opera of *Le Due Nozze ed un Sol Marito*, the composition of Gulieglmi, has many passages particularly adapted to her voice and manner. Her voice is in fact of very limited compass, though she manages it with such excellent art as to produce the most pleasing and admirable effect.

A SENTIMENTAL RHAPSODY.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If the following rhapsody meets your approbation, the insertion of it in your agreeable Miscellany will oblige an

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Tewksbury, June 27.

I HAVE passed the greater part of my life in the active scenes and bustle of the world, but have now retired from those scenes, and can calmly view their vanity, and the vanity of almost all those which the world exhibits. My seat of retirement, a low, but clean, thatched cottage, stands a few feet above the level of a little spring, whose waters, sheltered by a weeping willow, rest unruffled by storms, and cool under the most scorching sun. A serpentine, whose turf is the pure green of the common, and whose uneven outline nature herself planted with tufts of hawthorn, and round clusters of the double-rooted bramble, leads to it, slightly sloping: my walk at morning and evening, where I pour out my heart in praise to him who gave me being; who has been pleased to add two great human blessings, health and content; and who, denying me relations, friends, and fortune, placed me above dependence, and too low for envy: who has removed me from mankind, and taught me with sincerity to call the worm that creeps upon the shrubs my brother, and claim relation with the gnat that stings me.

Here, though secluded from the world of men, I live among a multitude of beings, in whose joys it is impossible for me not to share; and I were happy if it were not as difficult to shut my eyes upon their accidental miseries.

To-day the good old creature who attends upon me, a second time my nurse, set down the water for my hands. Just as I dropped the ball into it there appeared a little water beetle, the native of my spring, whose ill fate having placed him near the bank, where she dipped in her hand, the whirlpool sucked him to her; and now the little wretch, ignorant of his fate, was darting

here and there in sportful motions, climbing up the bowl, and wantoning in his unknown captivity.

I stood like him who pitied Belisarius, and, with locked hands and fixed eye, gazed upon the victim.—What shall I do with thee?—And is thy mirth and jollity to cease this moment! Was all the care of Providence to form thee meant for so poor an end! Three years ago thy parent dropped upon the water lily's floating leaf the egg for thy production; and thy existence, creature as thou art of a superior order, was dependent upon the fate of that light weed. Hatched from the shell, thou creptst from off the leaf; and in the conduct of unerring instinct soughtst the bottom, saved from a thousand unknown enemies. From year to year thy tender limbs were formed under that rugged skin; and yesterday, perhaps, thou first sawest the light with these new powers; twice born! And was it for a fate like this?—Thy silky limbs wove in these toils of nature, did Providence defend them from the waters with that impenetrable mail, that thou shouldst die before they had felt the air?—This sense of pleasure, and this love of play, were they bestowed on thee only to be enjoyed an hour! Even now, when thou hast begun to live in this more perfect state, art thou to die! thou to whose form antiquity raised statues; whose kindred Egypt numbered with her gods!

What if I take thee back, restore thee to the lucid fountain, whence thou wert taken, more justly thine than this is mine—man would laugh; for human nature feels not: but he to whom insect and man are equal—he will perhaps approve!

Yet if I spare thee what is thy advantage? Returning thee into thy native element, thou art a prey to fish, nay to innumerable murderers of thine own kind—for reptile, is to reptile as harsh and as unmerciful as man to man. But the destruction there is casual, here it is absolute and unnatural.

Reader! who hast smiled at the debate, weep for the catastrophe!—As I carried the little prisoner on my hand, towards his original dwelling, he took wing; and scarcely was he off my finger when a swallow, skimming low in the air, catched him to a more sudden death than that from which my frivolous attention would have saved him.

Thus not improbably superior beings think of man—but it were well, alas! if men also thought thus of one another. We will attack these forces, says the conqueror; we shall beat them—and it will not cost us more than four thousand men! For what advantage? Why, we will lie to-night upon that ground where they slept yesterday!—That which you already have is just as soft as the other! Yet thus it is determined; and while the visionary, call him philosopher or moralist, debates the fate of an unconsidered insect, at one discharge five hundred rational beings fall by the arms of creatures like themselves, who hate them not, and whom they have not injured.

Had not these men, as humble as the meanest reptile, an equal right to live, and to enjoy the produce of their cheerful labour? Yet many of them were compelled into that service where they fell! And had not every one of them the very stamp of heaven, a soul immortal and indistructible? From the long past time when they were helpless infants, how many weary hours has each of these

miserable victims cost his parents! how gloriously, how fearfully has he been formed! the image of his maker! And has that weary toil and length of time been wasted all for nothing? Have faculties of a superior nature been given to him! the reason of an angel, and the resemblance of a god, that he should perish in another's quarrel? that he should be the prey of ravens in a land far remote from that, where he was torn, perhaps, from a distressed wife and helpless progeny!

Blush, sovereign of the earth, whoever thou art, who triflest with thy fellow-creatures' being; blush now and tremble.—Weak, inconsiderate man, can you believe the life even of the least of these is not of equal value in his eye who made you with your own? Have you not read that murder is a crime; or is it possible that you can conceive your actions will be less examined than those of such as live in humbler stations?

These men may be replaced—And so may you! Another man will make as good a soldier; another man as good a king. What are you more than these? A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, may kill you; and the system of nature will go on just as it did before, unaltered by your fall. Your palace was possessed by another before you. The turf on which you tread to-day so proudly will rise as fresh and blooming for your successor; and the trees which cast their shade upon you will grow as if they never had belonged to you. Nay the little mound, that rises scarcely regarded, with its humble verdure, remains, and shall remain, while generations perish.

Vain and transitory as thou art, consider this; and know that thine and the beetle's life are one; but that there is for thee eternity behind. That when the swallow sweeps thee from the earth, crowns and distinctions perish: that thou art next to stand before a throne of justice. examined and arraigned a naked spirit; with no guard but thy virtue. There wouldst thou choose to appear the slaughterer of mankind, or the father of thy people?

Thus will he who wishes only good talk of kings, and those who are beneath them; taught by contented poverty to laugh at all distinctions but what are given by wisdom or goodness, and secure from ill by the armour of an honest mind and the contempt of death; considering men as men; not as they are sovereigns or subjects, not as of one nation or other; indifferent to all, but as their characters distinguish them: and if you ask his country, knowing no other, he will point with the old Greek to heaven.

This lesson teaches man to look upon himself as man alone, and not as high or low, as great or humble; that he should see the sovereign, the reptile, and himself, as three links of that eternal chain by which the earth is hung to heaven; that he should know the difference here is but an hour, and is not worth his notice; and that all that is real, or that can be really useful, is the integrity of his own conduct, virtue, and religion.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 299.)

LETTER XXIV.

Colonel Ambrose to Mrs. Ambrose.

MY dear sister will be surprised to hear that I have been in town and quitted it without seeing her, and that I am returned to the country for another fortnight.

You must know I received a very angry letter from Mr. Vernon, in consequence of one I had written him, which, if it had been the real state of the case, I richly deserved. He threatened the law; and I own I was pleased to observe the spirit with which he seemed to vindicate his sister's honour. I thought the best measure I could pursue was to see him, and endeavour by personal conference to set matters right. I accordingly set off to his house, where I saw Harriet, and was informed by her of many particulars, which, no doubt, you also by this time know. By her representation, I seemed to discover that the hope of gaining a little money had influenced this sordid brother in his present conduct more than the honour of his sister. On this discovery I could be at no loss what method to adopt. To make my story short, I have secured Maria's peace, my own credit, and Mr. Vernon's friendship (that is to say, acquaintance, for friendship must ever be a stranger to a sordid breast), for the paltry consideration of one hundred pounds. All-powerful gold answered every question, silenced every doubt, and convinced him of my honour, far more forcibly than an harangue of a Cicero could have done. How would Maria's feelings be hurt if she knew this circumstance! but I have bound him by the forfeiture of the money if he acquaint her; so that of this I am not apprehensive. The two charming sisters are going, as doubtless they have informed you, to visit their Wiltshire relations. By the time they return I hope to have gained fortitude enough to enjoy their society without a sigh. Come, reason, come, generosity, come, disinterested friendship, to my aid! I invoke your powers; and I likewise invoke the kind soothings and consolations of my dear sister, whose ever affectionate friend and brother will endeavour to merit them.

CHARLES AMBROSE.

LETTER XXV.

Mrs. West to Miss Vernon.

I RECEIVED my dear Maria's letter, the contents of which gave me more pain than I had ever experienced before on her account. Accustomed to speak my mind to you, my dear, on all occasions, I will not on the present disguise my sentiments, although from the fear of giving you pain I might be tempted so to do. You must be sensible that what I may say is dictated by a sincere anxiety for your welfare, and the result of long experience will add a weight to my advice. But not to preface, I proceed to answer your letter, which lies before me, and over which I have shed a mother's tear.

What is done I acquiesce in, from the impossibility of a remedy? that

you are not to be the wife of so amiable a man as colonel Ambrose grieves me exceedingly; yet I commend your open and ingenuous conduct, as likewise your sentiment, that would not permit you to bestow your hand where interest only could induce. To argue with a young woman against the force of love is an arduous undertaking; it is only my knowledge of your sense and prudence that could induce me to the task. Exert, my dear, that sense and prudence on the present occasion; for however harsh it may sound, I must confess I see little probability of your ever being united to the man you have chosen. You say, whilst he remains single you must indulge a hope of being his, and in the same sentence add, he has never in direct terms offered himself to your acceptance. And can my dear Maria fix her happiness on so unstable a foundation? I will suppose the utmost you can at present wish—that he was only withheld from offering himself from prudential motives; I will suppose he loves you at this moment with an ardour equal to your own: still the prudent motive must operate for many years, and new scenes and occupations, absence, and the belief of your being married, it is more than probable will erase all the tender impressions from the breast, unconscious of the place he holds in your affections. And shall a young woman give herself up to the indulgence of a passion without the knowledge of an equal return, and which, if returned, could not from circumstances terminate happily? Forbid it pride, reason, and prudence.—You will say I have pointed out your error, but not the means of a remedy. It is true the remedy is difficult, but I am convinced it is in your power. Call your pride, good sense, and consideration to your aid, and you will forget your love. Yes, my dear, however strange it may sound, observation and a knowledge of the world has evinced to me the unsteadiness of youthful attachments, and the possibility of happiness in the married state abstracted from a first love.

I am glad this unfortunate turn in your affairs is likely to terminate so well with regard to your brother. I wonder not at the want of delicacy he has shewn. What delicacy or tenderness can we expect from a man immersed in the pursuit of gold alone, and that merely for its own sake? On this painful subject I will say no more.

I hope you will find another subject for your pen when you are in Wiltshire. My love awaits dear Harriet, and a request that she will favour us with her agreeable epistles. I feel more and more reluctance to writing, from the increased complaint in my head. I therefore lay down my pen, and will only add, that as my dear Maria has never yet disregarded my advice, I hope she will attend to the present, as dictated from the heart and best judgment of her affectionate friend,

JANE WEST.

LETTER XXVI.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

B. Hall.

I DEFERRED, dear madam, answering your last letter immediately, because I wished to give you an account of our safe arrival at this place, where we have now been a week. I cannot say I think this visit will contribute much to the amendment of my spirits, as from the wayward temper of the mistress of the mansion, and the stupidity of the master, it is kept in a state of perpetual ill-

humour and dulness. To make you acquainted with Mrs. Wilson, I must give you a sketch of her life and character.

Her father was a Blackwell-hall factor of great repute, who, after amassing a vast fortune, retired at an advanced age to B. Hall, the present mansion, which he purchased, together with a large estate here. With his wife and two daughters he lived, and was much respected by the neighbouring gentry, as well as the poor; but his wife, who was my mother's first cousin, was a woman of great pride, to which was added conceit, and its attendant ignorance. They gave their daughters good educations, that is, they spared no expence so to do; but very slender capacities, and too much indulgence, proved an insuperable bar to much improvement in the accomplishments befitting their station. The eldest, the present Mrs. Wilson, was handsome and genteel, which her redundant vanity made her prize more than all that could be acquired from books or masters. At the age of sixteen she despised all admiration but what arose from the beauty of her person, and found the height of her ambition centre in being a favourite toast. At the age of twenty she married a young country esquire; but capricious and ill-tempered: happiness was not attainable. On which side lay the greatest blame I know not; but certain it is they led a jangling life, from which she was released by his death in her fortieth year. Her father and mother being also dead, she became mistress of a very considerable fortune, besides the estate of B. Hall. In less than a year she bestowed herself on a gay young officer, whom she likewise buried, and in her forty-eighth year married the present Mr Wilson. They have been married three years, and he is now about thirty. He was educated for the law; but being of rather an indolent disposition, chose the shorter method of gaining lands and hereditaments by marrying this rich widow, rather than by poring over Coke and Littleton. To win her affections was no very difficult task for a man of his age; to make her happy is past the art of man. Fretful, and still a slave to vanity, she is ever out of humour with herself and others. What happiness, as I have heard you, dear madam, often observe, can we expect to meet with in the decline of life, if we do not in our youth lay in a stock of solid sense and useful accomplishments? Mr. Wilson is good-tempered, and though by no means a foolish man, yet he has not bright parts: but he is blessed with an uncommon share of insensibility; I say blessed, for if he were not of such a disposition, he must be very miserable in a wife of Mrs. Wilson's description. Our other cousin I have not seen, but understand from my brother that she is a woman who knows what's what. This expression of his I have always considered to imply economy, and the art of saving money. She is a rich widow, with two daughters and a son, and lives about two miles from this place; so, no doubt, we shall pay her a visit, when we shall be able to judge for ourselves. Mrs. Wilson was fond of our mother: when we were very young we were taken notice of by her, but that was in our mother's life-time. It is now fourteen years since she has enquired after us, and it is from a sudden whim that she has renewed her acquaintance with us: a whim as sudden may dismiss us, for on such capricious beings there is no dependence. I shall leave Harriet to finish the description of our reception here, &c. She is all spirits, and can derive entertainment from every trifling occurrence. She has

just read what I have written.—'Thank you,' said she, 'for giving the outlines of our cousin's character; I will give the finish:' a few descriptions will bring you perfectly acquainted with master and mistress.—I will not, however, resign my pen till I have thanked my dear friend and monitress for her last letter: the advice therein contained I will endeavour to follow, although I find it indeed a painful task. I have written, as I was requested, to Mrs. Ambrose: her correspondence will be a high honour and advantage to me. I am extremely concerned at the increased complaint in your head; I hope yet its removal, and that you may enjoy many years of health and happiness. Your own Susan cannot more ardently desire it than does your ever obliged and affectionate

M. VERNON.

Miss Harriet, in continuation.

I HAVE at length, dear Susan, got possession of Maria's pen: what a melancholy description has she given of this mansion, as a scene of ill-humour and dulness! Now I am as gay as possible: the ill-humour of the mistress makes me in the best temper imaginable, and the dulness of the master furnishes me with a subject for laughter. This house is very large and old; the gardens are very extensive, and in the summer no doubt beautiful. But I will not freeze you while sitting at your Christmas fire with a description of cascades all ice, and avenues of trees covered with snow. We keep a coach, three men and three women servants, besides gardeners.—Poor Maria and I were set down from a stage-coach by the light of a lanthorn in the midst of this retinue on a rainy night, and ushered into the house tired to death, and tumbled out of all form from our journey.

'Your names, ladies,' said John, 'if you please.'

'Vernon,' said I.

'Mrs. Vernon,' echoed John, as he opened a parlour door, with an air peculiar to his fraternity.

At the further end of an immense large room sat, on each side the fire, two strange-looking people in elbow stuffed chairs, such as we see in such rooms, in the attitude of dozing by fire-light. Our entrance roused the gentleman, and he accosted us very civilly.

'The ladies are arrived, my dear,' said he.

'Oh, are you come?' said she, looking up: 'pray be seated. You will excuse my rising; I have the rheumatism all over me. Oh! what a shooting I have in my toe!'

We took chairs, and expressed our sorrow at finding her so ill.

'I am always ill,' said she; and was beginning to inform us the nature of her complaint, when her husband, chucking her under the chin, said, 'Come, come, my love, you must be better now your cousins are come!'—Now, Susan, can you conceive any thing more laughable than a young man of thirty chucking a woman of fifty-three under the chin? It was well for me the candles were not arrived. I looked at Maria, but she could stand this sight with her usual gravity.

Candles were now brought, and the lady was diverted from her subject by the contemplation of our persons. She sat for some time silent, gazing on us both by turns, while her sweet husband stirred the fire.—At length the lady began.

'Bless me, what a very great difference in the persons of you girls!

I never could have guessed you were isters. Pray what are your ages?'—We informed her.—'It is very well,' said she to Maria, 'you are past growing; how prodigiously tall you are! I admire a tall woman, but you really are above the standard.'

'Do you think so, madam?' said s 'I always wished to be the height of my sister.'

'Why, you are too short, to be sure: but people can't help what they are. You look vastly pale, miss Vernon: are you ill?'

'I am a good deal fatigued with my journey at present, though I generally look pale.'

'I am not fond of seeing a great colour in the cheeks,' (looking at me, who you know am rather rosy); 'but there are extremes in all things. Your mother was quite the milk-maid, and I see my cousin Harriet takes after her. She is the very image of her mother. You should always wash in warm water, my dear.'

As there was no answering to these curious observations, I employed my eyes in viewing the person of this criticising lady and her husband.

She is a very fine fat-looking elderly woman, and in her youth must, I think, have been very handsome; she is now neither more or less than a beauty in the vale of years, though it is easy to discover that she is by no means of that opinion.—Mr. Wilson has no pretensions to a good person: he is clumsy and awkward; his countenance is rather heavy than vacant: he sometimes seems to be of a good temper; perhaps I may find other good qualities on a further acquaintance. I cannot at present divest myself of prejudice against a young man who could, to indulge an indolent disposition, unite himself to a woman he must despise.

Maria, to give a turn to the subject, gave our brother's respects.

'True,' observed she, 'I am very inattentive; I hope he is well. You have lived with him some years, I suppose. Let me see; when your mother died you was placed with a mistress: I forget her name.'

'West,' said my sister; 'and we never found the loss of a mother, from her kind care and attention. To her we are indebted for our education and instruction in all that is good and conducive to our happiness.'

In this manner would Maria have went on, had not Mrs. Wilson observed there was something in the fire that resembled a ship in full sail.—'You must know,' said she, 'I frequently amuse myself with looking into the fire, where I fancy I see figures of all descriptions. Mr. Wilson laughs at me; but I will appeal to all of you if that (pointing with the poker) is not just like a ship.'

I confessed I had not discernment to discover the resemblance; but said I admired her method of amusement, as I supposed she was not able to read by candle-light.

'You are much mistaken, miss: my eyes are as good as ever they were.'

Tea was then brought, and I was requested to make it; when I received many instructions in the art of tea-making: and so completely was the thread of Maria's story broken off, that it was impossible to resume it the whole evening.

We went to bed early, happy, as you may suppose, to be released. The next morning we breakfasted with Mr. Wilson, she always having hers in bed. He was much more chatty than the night before, and we began to get acquainted. I ventured to rally him on his easy chair, and hope to succeed in turning it out.

How very ridiculous for a young man to use himself to such a seat!

The lady made her appearance about noon, and took us into several handsome rooms, to shew us the furniture, &c. In each room was her picture in different attitudes, taken at different times of her life. She appeared much mortified at our observing that one in particular, the last taken, was extremely like her. She shewed us the pictures of her two deceased husbands. 'Poor Mr. S——, and poor Mr. K——,' said she; 'they were both handsome, as you may see. And now,' said she, opening a closet, 'I will shew you the picture of a particular friend.'

'It is Harriet!' exclaimed Maria.

'It is your mother,' said she, 'taken at the age of twenty. The picture was like her, but rather flattered her.'

Maria says if I had sat myself I could not have a stronger likeness. I must take care I am not vain, for this picture is really very handsome: whilst we continue here I believe there is no great danger of our becoming vain, for Mrs. Wilson is continually finding defects in our persons.

We now took the opportunity of asking particulars about our mother, which it was natural we should wish to hear; but Mrs. Wilson was suddenly taken with a pain in her head, which prevented her talking. She, however, informed us, in answer to Maria's asking her if she was esteemed sensible and amiable, that she could speak French a little, and was an excellent dancer.

We have not yet seen our cousin Meadows, but are to go in a day of two, if the weather permit. I think I have now given you a specimen of our relation, and shall lay down my pen for the present. My brother desired us not to write to him unless we found a free conveyance, which is not likely in this place. Dorcas parted from us with tears in her eyes; something, she said, foreboded that we should never come back again. Maria has really made herself uneasy at this woman's predictions; but Dorcas is extremely superstitious, and, I suppose, had dreamed some bad thing or other about us: we should have enough to do if we regarded all the idle tales of our nurses. But Maria's spirits are weak, and in a state to take alarm at every trifle. Dorcas has promised to write to us, and I assure you is no bad pen-woman. I will not speak to her grammatical knowledge; but she is a very tolerable speller, having, before she entered into our family, kept a day-school for little children.—Farewell, my dear Susan! let us hear from you soon, when I will write again, as I think I can never want a subject whilst I continue an inmate in this house. Yours most affectionately,

HARRIET VERNON.

LETTER XXVII.

Mrs. Ambrose to Miss Vernon.

I THANK you, my dear Maria, for your letter; it gave me much pleasure, as it convinced me by your ready acquiescence in my wishes for your correspondence, that your own coincided. Your account of the people you are with is not very pleasing, but we must take the world as we find it; there are few characters from which something may not be learned either as a warning or example. It is the former I think you will find in your cousin. Seeing the ill effects of vanity, and a neglect of an early cultivation of useful knowledge, a young person will be naturally led to avoid the fatal consequence. I own I cannot con-

ceive a more pitiable object than a decayed beauty pining under neglect and indifference, without one consolation or mental resource to fly to. I could produce many instances which have come within my knowledge, where the loss of beauty has been followed by discontent from the above cause; but as I have no apprehension that you, my young friend, will meet with a similar fate, I will avoid cautions so unnecessary.

I could not avoid smiling at that part of your letter where you say Harriet wishes she could venture to ask me the reason of my preferring a single to a married life. I will satisfy her curiosity in this particular, and have no doubt I shall stand approved in her eyes for the choice I have made. My father died when I was about four-and-twenty, and left me in such slender circumstances as to make it necessary for me to use the most rigid economy in my mode of living. My brother was then in India; and, of course, I wrote him the state of my affairs. His answer to my letter, penned with an affection and tenderness not to be exceeded, informed me that it was in his power to make up my father's inability in pecuniary matters. A remittance accompanied this letter; and to be brief, I was by this worthy brother placed above dependence, and in the eyes of the world left by my father in genteel circumstances. A young gentleman whom I had long known and regarded with a secret partiality made me an offer, professing a sincere affection and unfeigned attachment. I was not disposed to doubt his veracity, and soon found I loved him in return with an equal affection. He was in an excellent situation with respect to business; I made no scruple to accept him, and the week was fixed for our marriage. As he never hinted on the subject of fortune, I concluded he disregarded mercenary views; but knowing it was proper there should be no reserves on my part, I informed him one day that I was dependent on my brother, and mistress only of a very small fortune by the decease of my father. To my great astonishment, he made me no answer; but, complaining of a violent head-ach, left the house, and the next morning sent me a letter, to say he could not possibly marry a woman without a fortune; that he hoped to see me happy with some other, and was my very humble servant. To say I was not hurt and mortified in a very high degree by this behaviour would not be in human nature, but my pride subdued my love; and although I found I could never love another, I resolved on no consideration to act unbecoming the dignity of my sex. He was sensible, accomplished, and elegant; and never have I seen a man I could think his equal. He married afterwards a woman of large fortune, for which he was sufficiently punished; for she was ignorant, ill-tempered, and disagreeable. She, however, died in about five years, and I regained my lover; but on no consideration would I marry him, though I believe he then sincerely wished it. Finding me inflexible, he quitted England, and I own he was the cause of my remaining single. I am extremely anxious for the credit of my sex; therefore, my dear girls, if you wish to please me, you must never be guilty of a weakness in that particular; it is to that weakness we owe the little estimation we are held in by sometimes sensible men.

And now I am come to my last subject, the most important one to my fair friend. Now have I raised a blush on your cheek, Maria, and you already guess what I mean. You know I have engaged never to dwell on it: I am too much interested to

have much to say. But not to keep you in suspense—will it not give you pleasure to hear that Mr. Wentworth is arrived safe in India? He had a most wonderful quick voyage, is well, and kindly received by the gentleman he was recommended to. All this intelligence arrived yesterday, in a letter to my brother from the above gentleman.

I will now conclude my letter, because I suppose you will have no eye for any thing else I may write. Heaven bless you, my dear girl, in all your wishes! I know them to be good. My brother desires his kind remembrances to yourself and Harriet, in which I include my own. Let me hear from you soon.

Your very sincere and
affectionate friend,
LUCY AMBROSE.

(To be continued.)

On the NATIONAL CHARACTER of the TURKS.

(From Thornton's 'Present State of Turkey.')

THE national character of the Turks is, indeed, a composition of contrary qualities. We find them brave and pusillanimous, good and ferocious, firm and weak, active and indolent; passing from austere devotion to disgusting obscenity, from moral severity to gross sensuality; fastidiously delicate, and coarsely voluptuous; seated on a celestial bed, and preying on garbage. The great are alternately haughty and humble, arrogant and cringing, liberal and sordid; and, in general, it must be confessed that the qualities that least deserve our approbation are most predominant. On comparing their limited acquirements with the learning of the christian nations of Europe, we are surprised at their ignorance; but we must allow that they have just and clear ideas of whatever falls within the contracted sphere of their observation. What would become of the other nations of Europe, if, in imitation of the Turkish government, the highest offices of the state were filled by men taken from the lowest rank in society, and unprepared by education or habit to discharge their important duties?

ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

By a Lady.

(Continued from p. 322.)

CHAP. VII.

Rinaldo bribes the officer to delay executing his orders, and sets out in search of the king—Is attacked on his way by four ruffians hired by Antonio—His miraculous escape from them, and interview with the king.

THE officer returned at the time appointed, and understanding it to be the determination of Alphonso that Almira should not accompany him to Antonio, but that his power should be held at defiance, he grew extremely angry; and, in a tone of haughtiness that marked the slave in office, immediately told Alphonso that he should wait no longer for him, but instantly conduct him to the galleys, according to the judgment passed on him.

Rinaldo, whose knowledge of the world had taught him how to act in any situation, knew the power of gold too well not try its

effects on the feelings of the officer. Accordingly, the moment he was proceeding to lay violent hands on Alphonso, Rinaldo, forcing a smile on his countenance, archly told him that he had something in his pocket forbidding the execution of the sentence. The officer startled at what he heard; but before he could ask an explanation, Rinaldo pulled out a purse, containing about one hundred ducats, with which he begged leave to present the officer, adding withal he had no doubt he would delay the sentence until he could seek the king, and lay before him the case of the much-injured Alphonso.

'When a gentleman,' cried the officer, looking at the purse, 'talks reasonably, I have always a pleasure in attending to him. For my part, I am happy in every opportunity of serving the unfortunate. I thank Heaven that I can *feel* (putting the purse in his pocket) for those in distress as well as any man, and can go as far, when *properly* spoken to, to do them every service in my power.'

The officer being thus won over to his purpose, Rinaldo found no great difficulty in prevailing on him to suffer Alphonso and his daughter to remain in the hut until he should have been with the king; and immediately mounting his steed, ready saddled for the purpose, set off in search of him, inspired with the sincerest zeal in their service, and accompanied with their prayers for the success of his endeavours to snatch them from the dreadful precipice on which they stood. An event, however, happened soon after Rinaldo's departure, that had nearly proved fatal to him.

Antonio, it afterwards appeared, determined to deprive Alphonso of every hope of relief, and suspecting that Rinaldo would be ready to attempt every thing in his power for the effecting it, had engaged four ruffians to cut off all communication between his nephew and the king, should he proceed to trouble him on the subject; with strict orders, however, to them to secure his person, and keep him confined until they should hear farther from him; but on no account whatever to do him any hurt, or injury. Accordingly, the ruffians armed with proper weapons, in case of any resistance on the part of Rinaldo, waylaid him in a neighbouring wood, through which he would be obliged to pass, should he presume to seek the king. Their intentions were to have concealed themselves till Rinaldo should have approached them, when they meant suddenly to surprise him, before he could possibly have put himself upon his defence: but as Providence never fails to protect the good and virtuous, and guard them from the machinations of their enemies, the design of Antonio and his ruffians was happily frustrated, and the good offices of Rinaldo rendered successful, by an incident as fatal to the one at it was fortunate to the other.

Rinaldo, after proceeding about half way through the wood, perceived several men with their heads just above a hedge behind which they lay concealed. Suspecting from their situation that they were waiting there for no good purpose, he judged it prudent to prepare for receiving them in the best manner he could, but without betraying any sort of fear, or in the least discovering that he suspected any danger. Accordingly, the moment the ruffians sprung from their hiding-place, Rinaldo, perceiving their hostile intentions towards him, without uttering a single word, drew his sword, and levelled the foremost of them, in an instant, with the earth. The courage and intrepidity of Rinaldo gave him

reason to hope that the three surviving assailants would take immediate flight. But in this he was deceived; instead of being discouraged by the fall of their comrade, they became doubly desperate, and fell on him with a fury that threatened him with inevitable destruction. But at the very instant that a fatal blow was aimed at Rinaldo, a rattle-snake seized hold of the ruffian that was on the point of giving it, and prevented him from doing Rinaldo any hurt. The gallant youth, availing himself of this fortunate circumstance in his favour, attacked the two other villains with so much skill and success, as to make them prefer a retreat to any farther attempts against his life: but in this they met a death infinitely worse than that they flew from; for Rinaldo closely pursuing them, they accidentally fell into a pit that had been prepared for lions, and other wild beasts of the forest, and in which a male lion, of prodigious size and strength, had been for several days. Rinaldo remained just long enough to see the villains devoured by the ferocious animal, and immediately made after the ruffian that had been seized by the snake, whom he found almost expiring through the loss of blood, and was just going to dispatch him, when the wretch, having with great difficulty got upon his knees, humbly beseeched Rinaldo would spare his life, at least long enough to suffer him to ease his conscience, by making a full discovery of the person who had employed him to attack him, and every particular he knew of the horrid bussiness in which he had so rashly engaged.

Pity is easily awakened in a generous breast. Rinaldo no sooner saw the situation of the villain, and the remorse with which a reflection on his conduct had filled him, than he instantly alighted from his horse, and, binding up his wound, commanded him to say whatever he could wish to make him acquainted with.

'You here behold,' cried the villain, 'the veriest wretch that ever lived. Antonio first bribed me to lay the diamond ring in Alphonso's hut, for stealing of which he is condemned to the galleys, and then gave me a sum of money to join three other ruffians in setting upon you in the forest. Thank Heaven, we have been disappointed in our views, and have met with the fate we deserved.'

'The only atonement,' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'that you can possibly make, is to give a faithful account of this to the king, whenever I shall call upon you for that purpose.' 'I wish to live,' replied the wretch, 'but to do all the justice in my power—that done, I care not how soon you put an end to my existence.'

Rinaldo, having promised to dispatch the necessary assistance for removing him with all possible expedition, immediately pursued his journey, and the same evening reached the village at which the king was on his annual circuit, where obtaining an interview, he brought his appeal in behalf of Alphonso, and obtained his majesty's promise to hear his case; for which purpose the king instantly ordered a proper guard to his hut, with his royal command that he should be brought before him the next day.

CHAP. VIII.

Alphonso and Almira are conducted to his majesty—Rinaldo meets them on the way—Alphonso and Antonio are heard by the king—He determines the matter between them shall be decided by a duel—Antonio falls—Alphonso is discovered to be the king's son, and Rinaldo is happily united to Almira.

THE situation of Alphonso and Almira, during the absence of Rinaldo, was truly distressing. A thousand emotions of hope and fear alternately rent their bosoms. They sometimes flattered themselves that the services of Rinaldo could not fail to procure them justice; which hope no sooner arose than it became stifled by the fear that some accident should befal Rinaldo, or Antonio cause Alphonso to be dragged to the galleys before Rinaldo should be able to bring an appeal in his behalf.

At this moment the officer entered the hut, and informed Alphonso that he had just received fresh orders from Antonio, peremptorily commanding him to convey him instantly to the galleys, unless he should be suffered to make Almira his. It was in vain that Alphonso remonstrated, or that Almira prayed and entreated. The officer knew, from Rinaldo's absence, that no farther bribe could be had, and was therefore determined to execute the sentence passed on Alphonso. He accordingly commanded the guard that attended on him to enter the hut, and bind their prisoner; pointing at the same time to Alphonso, around whose neck Almira hung, piercing the air with her shrieks and cries.

Alphonso, enraged beyond the power of reason, suddenly forcing a sabre from one of the guards, solemnly vowed to plunge it in the breast of any one who should dare to molest him. At this juncture, so critical to the fate of Alphonso, a party of dragoons, headed by a captain, entered the hut, who, producing the king's warrant, immediately demanded Alphonso and his daughter. The message, so opportunely brought, had the same effect on Alphonso and the distressed Almira as a respite would on a criminal at the very instant of his being about to suffer the fatal judgment passed on him. Alphonso was directly unbound, and conducted with Almira to the king, who was then at the villa of one of his nobles, about twelve miles distance. But they did not go, even now, without shedding many a tear at their departure from a place in which they had dwelt so long; so much does habit, and length of years, endear us even to the worst of situations.

Rinaldo, who had prepared every thing with the king, impatient for their arrival, mounted his horse, and met Alphonso and Almira on their way. Nothing could be more affecting than their once again meeting together. The father and daughter related to Rinaldo every circumstance that had happened since he had left them; and Rinaldo, in return, informed them of the attack that had been made on him, and the narrow escape he had met with. Almira most gratefully embraced her generous lover, and thanked Heaven for the deliverance he had so happily obtained. But no language can convey any idea of the excess of joy that Alphonso felt upon being informed by Rinaldo that the king, having heard the nature of his case, was then waiting to hear the appeal he had to make, and had even summoned Antonio before him, that he might be present, in order, if necessary, to defend any conduct of his that might be impeached.

The power of the wicked, however great and formidable for a time, is sure sooner or later to end in shame and disgrace. Alphonso's authority was now approaching fast towards a period, and it was with no small degree of mortification that he perceived it. But while the thought of having the case of Alphonso brought before the king touched him to the quick, he determined to brave it out; not despairing but that his situation in the state, and interest with

the king, would enable him to succeed against one whom he never suspected to be any thing more than a poor forester.

The moment when all parties were to meet was now arrived, and Alphonso and Almira were admitted into the royal presence. The king no sooner fixed his eyes on Alphonso than a most uncommon sensation thrilled through every vein. Without the least knowledge of the cause, he found it impossible to address him, or look towards him, without being strongly agitated.

Alphonso, having obtained permission to speak, represented Antonio's being robbed, and the laying the ring he had lost in his hut, as a vile contrivance, protesting in the most solemn manner, that he was perfectly innocent of every thing laid to his charge. Antonio, as if insensible of shame, boldly declared that all that had been said by Alphonso was a contempt of his authority, as well as a most audacious insinuation against his honour and justice; and assured the king that the guilt of Alphonso had been fully proved and established. The king demanded of Antonio if the finding the ring in Alphonso's hut was the only evidence on which he had been convicted and being told it was, his majesty farther demanded; *who* the person was that had discovered it. The king no sooner spoke than the villain who had hired himself to lay the ring in Alphonso's hut suddenly presented himself, and humbly informed his majesty that *he* was the person who had found the ring. Antonio, not knowing whether he was a friend or foe, or from what motive he spoke, instantly cried out that *he* was the witness on whose testimony he had thought it just to convict Alphonso.

'And by whom,' demanded the king, 'was you employed to find this ring?' 'By Antonio,' replied the villain, 'who first hired me to hide the ring in Alphonso's hut, and afterwards engaged me, with three others, to waylay his nephew, Rinaldo, and prevent him, at the peril of his life, from seeking the king in behalf of Alphonso.' This confession, so voluntarily made, struck the king and the whole assembly with astonishment and horror. Every eye was fixed on Antonio, nor was it possible for him to conceal the perturbation of his mind, or hide the shame and confusion that flushed into his face.

Rinaldo, perceiving things sufficiently ripe for his purpose, begged a patient hearing of the king; which being granted, he related his meeting with Almira, and the story of Alphonso, excepting his illustrious birth, which Rinaldo thought it most proper yet for some time to conceal: but what most astonished all who heard it was the cause of Antonio's resentment against Alphonso, and the fair Almira, to force whose love he had invented the horrid plot discovered by one of the ruffians he had hired to assassinate him.

Notwithstanding the injustice of Antonio was so obviously clear to every one, he had, nevertheless, the effrontery to give the most direct and positive contradiction to every thing alleged against him, charging those who had accused him with conspiring against his life, and demanding of the king his royal protection against them.

His majesty, somewhat embarrassed how to act between the different parties, determined that the matter should be decided by duel between Alphonso and Antonio, to which both readily agreed; Alphonso inspired by the justice of his cause, and Antonio led on by the superior skill he flattered himself that he possessed. One thing only Alphonso

requested of the king, which was, that he might be allowed to ask a delay of the duel until the morning, in order that he might have an opportunity of sending to the hut he had quitted, by his majesty's commands, for a valuable sword concealed there, without which he should have but little hopes of succeedi g. The king appeared much surprised, and enquired what sword it was, without which Alphonso could not venture to proceed to battle. Alphonso, bowing most respectfully, humbly besought his majesty that he would be pleased to excuse his silence on the subject, until the proper time should come for obeying his royal pleasure. This request more amazed the king than ever. Indeed, every one present appeared greatly surprised at its ambiguity, and the secret it was evidently meant to conceal.

A convenient place being prepared for the purpose, the combatants met in the morning, and appeared in the ring, which was surrounded by all the nobles that had attended the king on his circuit, and the gentry residing in the neighbouring villages; his majesty being seated on a throne under the canopy of state, in the centre, with his officers and guards around him.

Never was attention more engrossed, or expectation higher raised, than on the present occasion. Every eye was rivetted on Alphonso, anxious for the success of his combat, until Almira presented herself, and interested every one in her father's behalf. The signal for the fight was now proclaimed by sound of trumpet, and the combatants advanced towards each other with sword in hand; Alphonso cool and intrepid, aad Antonio burning with rage, insomuch that, wholly under its influence, he began the combat with so furious a lunge, that every one expected to see Alphonso at his feet. Almira gave a violent shriek, and the whole assembly felt for her distress; but Alphonso, more discreet than his antagonist, put by Antonio's sword, and immediately run him through the body. The wound was fatal, and Antonio immediately expired, amidst a general shout of the whole assembly.

Rinaldo instantly caught Almira in his arms, and joined her in thanking Heaven for the victory her father had gained. Indeed, the whole assembly most visibly participated in their joy; nor was the good old king without his share of satisfaction, led by inspiration, as it were, to indulge a secret pleasure in the event of the day. But greater events were yet to come. Alphonso, borne triumphant in a car prepared for the conqueror, approached his majesty on his knee, and in an humble posture presented him with his sword, still reeking with Antonio's blood.

'Heavens!' cried the king, perceiving the inscription on the blade, 'sure this is the very sword of state, long lost with my only son?' 'It is,' exclaimed Alphonso, 'and a gracious Providence now returns you both for; in me you now behold your long-lost son, Alphonso.' A general surprise now suspended every tongue, and all were lost in wonder and amazement. The good old king, weeping through excess of joy, embraced first Alphonso, and then Almira, drawing tears from every beholder.

A profound silence prevailing, Alphonso, by the express command of the king, publicly gave his history, as it had been related to him by Ursula, with an account of the manner in which he became possessed of the sword of state, as a proof of his illustrious birth, whenever occasion should render it necessary to make it appear. Alphonso

also informed his royal father of the manner in which Almira and Rinaldo became acquainted, and particularly of the part he had so generously taken to procure him an opportunity of setting forth his innocence before the king, which he was fully determined to establish, before he ventured to disclose the relationship he had the happiness to bear to so renowned and illustrious a prince.

The king instantly dispatched a courier with orders for proclaiming throughout Sardinia the discovery of the heir to the throne, and proceeded with all possible expedition on his return to his palace, where the good old king introduced his son and the lovely Almira to his people, who received the long-lost prince and his beautiful daughter with every demonstration of joy.

The next day a public festival was provided by the king, at which Alphonso and Almira appeared, attired in the richest dresses that could be procured. Alphonso, being of a stature above the middle size, made a most majestic appearance, especially as he was handsomely formed, and of a countenance the most open and expressive that could possibly be imagined. As to Almira, her dress threw a lustre on her charms that captivated and enslaved, nor were her manners less endearing and engaging. The banquet was celebrated in a manner suitable to the occasion on which it was given. Happiness sat on every face, and each moment brought some new pleasure to inspire and exhilarate the soul.

After dinner, the king, agreeably to the wish of Alphonso, caused Almira to give her hand to Rinaldo in marriage, and as a mark of his royal approbation of the part he had acted towards her and her father, immediately settled on them an income suitable to their rank; after which he caused Alphonso to be proclaimed heir to the crown.

The king soon after died, and was succeeded by Alphonso in a long and prosperous reign, full of happiness and honour.

Such are the secret workings of a gracious Providence, and such the triumphs of the good and the unfortunate, who are sure to burst, sooner or later, from the cloud of adversity, covered, like Alphonso, with glory and renown. Heaven is ever just in all its ways, and to be virtuous is the way ultimately to be happy.

THE END.

A NIGHT WALK

IN JULY.

By J. M. L.

'The balmy hay around was thrown,
And eve,' approaching, whisper'd peace:
Far from the town, and quite alone,
I gave my senses soft release.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

FOR a few days I had breathed the pure air of the sea-coast, from which my present residence was about two miles distant: my almost constant walk was to the shore, for the way thither lay over a most charming succession of corn and grass fields. It was more my walk at evening than at

'The morning-hour of life and love:'

Then I generally sought a shady recess near a little rivulet, that wound its silent way to the all-devouring ocean. There, with my flute, I have passed many a very pleasant hour; and when the softened tones, that echo wafted back from the flowery banks of the stream, reached my ear,

'Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve' his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note,
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own.'

MOORE.

July had now put forth her powers: the ripened and ripening fruit blushed in every orchard, the hay was every where getting in fast, and the corn had shot out the promising ear of abundance. I recollect a sonnet that I wrote last year for the month of July, and as it alludes to circumstances now in point, I shall introduce it here.

'The distant mower carols loud his lay,
And sweeps destruction round him as he sings;
Each flow'r that smil'd on Summer's opening day,
Now low in death his scythe unheeding flings.
But chief 'tis thine, July, to clothe the plain
With the best tribute yielding earth can give;
Thy glowing sun embrowns the bending grain,
The food kind Nature gives, that man may live.
What though annoying heat with thee is giv'n,
Still should we praise the Pow'r that guides the year;
Without this first and noblest gift of Heav'n,
Fierce famine soon would fill the world with fear;
Nature would droop in everlasting night,
Unblest by Sol, great source of heat and light!'

The day had been exceedingly hot and sultry, not a breeze had taught the leaves to tremble, and the horizon was obscured by a seeming mist, or, as it is often termed, a blight, when I started for my present ramble. Although it was now after nine o'clock, the heat was so oppressive, that I found it necessary to walk very slow. The nightingale had begun 'her solo anthem' in a grove, near which I passed as I set off.

'She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,
Displays her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.'

HURDIS.

I passed on, and met the last load of hay coming from a field. Owing to the lateness of the hour, it could not be stacked till the next day; but the appearance of heavy clouds, that seemed to foretel a tempest, made the labourers determine to get it under cover that night. The top was loaded with merry haymakers, riding home as it were in triumph.

'Yon rustic throng have left the hay-field's toil;
With gladsome song they cheer the homeward way:
The youth how blest should his fair partner smile,
Forgotten, then, the labour of the day.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Having crossed a corn-field, where waved the full-formed wheat ear, I sat down for a few minutes upon a stile to reflect on the occurrences of the day, exclaiming with Hurdis,

'Here let me pause; and ere still night advance
To shut the books of heav'n, look back and see
What commendable act has sprung to day.
Ah! who can boast? The little good we do
In all the years of life will scarce outweigh
The follies of an hour.'

VILLAGE CURATE.

I reached at length the common that led to the beach, and could yet discern, by the dim light that still reflected from the west, the yellow-blossomed furze,

'With golden baskets hung. Approach it not,
For every blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of fays and fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnish'd king-cup in his hand,
To quaff the subtil ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see

Fantastically trod. There Oberon
His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes:
And there they foot it featly round, and laugh.
The sacred spot the superstitious ewe
Regards, and bites it not in reverence.
Anon the drowsy clock tolls one—the cock
His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the lights
Are quench'd, the music hush'd; they speed away
Swifter than thought, and still the break of morn
Outrun, and, chasing midnight as she flies,
Pursue her round the globe.'

HURDIS.

To a poetical mind there is something in the contemplation of fairies and their employments peculiarly pleasing; and however sober reason may laugh at the poet and his fairies, yet the poet still enjoys a pleasure perhaps denied to sober reason. They are at any rate a harmless species of immaterial beings, and would scarcely alarm an infant's mind. Such employments as the following are not only harmless, but many of them are praiseworthy; and from those that are so let reason take an example, and laugh at the fairies as much as she pleases!

'Some on their Sylphid Queen attend,
Where smiles her roseate bow'r;
Around her dew-gemm'd throne they bend,
And bring each tribute flow'r.

Some glide unheard where Beauty sleeps,
And prompt her love-fraught dreams;
Some seek the spot where Sorrow weeps,
And soothe with Hope's warm beams.

Some guard the tomb where Honour lies,
And weed the grass-grown space;
Then bid the fairest flow'rets rise
To deck the hallow'd place.

And others lighter joys pursue,
Attir'd in robes of bloom,
Whilst roses glitt'ring bright with dew
Spread round a rich perfume.

Some gather garlands from the flow'rs,
To decorate their Queen,
Who deigns to share their frolic hours,
Upon the oak-crown'd green.

Some in a water-lily glide,
Along the moon-tipt lake;
A rose-leaf sail their only guide,
Till morn begins to break:

When swift they steal to soft repose,
Within each flowery cell;
The violet, or the blushing rose,
Deep in some hidden dell.

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Having reached the sea-side, I sat down on a large stone, and gazed over the vast expanse of waters, whose mirror-like surface was dimpled only by a distant boat seeking its way to port; whilst the stillness of the air was only disturbed by the boatman's rude song. There is a great pleasure to most minds in listening to the half-heard waves, as they tremble on the beach.

'Their mildly-solemn murmur on the shore
Is more than pleasing to the pensive soul;
The soothing sound delights the bosom more
Than loud-tongued Pleasure's phrenzy-like controul.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Notwithstanding the calmness of the evening, there was a peculiar appearance in the sky, and a sensation in the air (better felt then described) that foretold a coming storm; and an immense pile of black electric-looking clouds in the south-east placed it beyond a doubt. I could also perceive a fisherman's family, whose hut was at no great distance from me, busily employed in taking every thing in that could be injured by wet; whilst the fisherman and a sturdy lad where hauling a boat up the beach, high enough to be out of the reach of the waves. All this warned me; but as I did not think myself in any immediate danger, I staid to observe a little of its progress. On observing the torpid state of the immense sheet of water before me, apparently only slumbering to gather strength against the coming conflict of the elements, I could not help ejaculating,

'How tranquil now the Ocean's silver'd wave,
As sinks the day's bright lord beneath the tide,
While the soft lustre that his last ray gave
Still tips the sails as slow the vessels glide.

Who, that ne'er saw its rage when tempests rise,
Would think, to see how calmly now it sleeps,
Its surgy waves will seem to strike the skies,
When the wild whirlwind o'er its surface sweeps?

Yet that it is so, yonder cliff will tell,
Whose crumbling sides resist the waves in vain;
Impell'd by storms, they rush with awful swell,
And drag its falling atoms to the main.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

The clouds had now advanced much nearer, and did not appear so compact as before: but as yet no lightning had burst from their cimmerian womb. The waves began to heave with an agitated swell, though as yet there was no wind. Soon a light breeze sprang up that a little ruffled the water; but the swell, that still increased, appeared not to be actuated by the wind. In a few minutes the gale increased to a perfect hurricane, and I thought it advisable to return: I rose for that purpose; and as I did so, the first flash burst from the nearest cloud, which had imperceptibly gained so much on me, as to be almost over my head. The light that the flash occasioned I can only compare to an immense sheet of liquid fire. A short time elapsed, and it was followed by an extremely heavy peal, or rather succession of peals, of thunder. I now hurried on pretty quick, for it was exceedingly dark between the flashes, which were almost without intermission, and each followed by claps of thunder that were every time louder. I began to blame myself for the folly of waiting its approach as I had done; but its progress had been so much more speedy than I had expected, that I was quite deceived by it. I at first hoped to get home before it rained, but the storm at length grew so awfully violent that I wished for rain as one means of safety, and it at length poured most heavily. I was inwardly thankful for it. Previous to my getting home, I could see at a distance a fire, evidently occasioned by the lightning. At the time I could not tell what it was the flames were destroying, but heard afterwards that it was a farm-house seven miles off. What a situation for the sufferers to be in at such a moment! I reached my friend's house, and found all the family got together in the kitchen, and, except the master, terrified beyond description. I was completely soaked through every garment, and heated excessively by the hastiness of my return. The first thing I did was to drink a small glass of brandy as a precaution against taking cold, and the next was to change every article of my dress. I then rejoined my friends, and we remained together till the termination of the storm, which was not until after midnight. It was so violent as to beggar all description. I will conclude this walk with some stanzas, that are part of a small poem I once wrote after a similar storm; but they can give no idea, or but a very faint one, of its real violence.

'When high Omniscience, from its sapphire throne,
Issues a mandate for the storm to rise,
Fled is the beam that late in beauty shone,
And low'ring horror spreads along the skies.

'Impressive silence reigns throughout the air,
Whilst livid clouds in mountain-piles appear;
The direful pause seems fill'd with wild despair,
And shudd'ring Nature owns a pang of fear.

'The setting sun casts round a blood-red ray,
Whilst distant thunder rolls in solemn peal;
An awful night-fall shuts a dreary day;
And whisp'ring conscience bids the guilty feel,

'The Tempest comes! a liquid flash is seen,
That pours terrific light along the glade;
A peal succeeds that shakes the groaning green,
And makes more dismal seem the murky shade.

'Nearer it comes! swift drop Heav'n's awful fires!
Trees fall around, and mansions fiercely blaze!
And in the blast some human form expires!
Whilst all around is woe, and wild amaze!

'The bad man's shrinking, seeks some shelter'd spot,
Hoping to hide him from the wrath of Heav'n;
And to the mind where sin has cast no blot
A pang of melancholy awe is giv'n.'

Author's Poems.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

LETTER I.

Lady Walsingham to the Dowager Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-Hall.

I WAS so much fatigued on Tuesday night with our journey, that after dispatching a line, informing you of our safe arrival, I retired for the night.

I was waked the next morning by an early serenade from a thousand tuneful throats. I rose, and opened the shutters.

'The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The opening flow'rs unveil'd their bloom.'

The scene was inviting; I tied on my hat, and descended. All was still, save the soft responses of the towering lark and melodious thrush. They were paying their morning orisons to that Almighty Power who bad the morning wake for them. The flowers exhaled an odoriferous perfume. I seemed to tread on air; and to render the scene quite enchanting, I saw Walsingham hasting up the walk to join me. I stopped. 'Thus looked the first of women,' said he;

"Thus stood Eve, veil'd in a cloud of fragrance;
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic:"—

'but *not* more soft and feminine her graceful innocence than my Caroline's.' He drew my arm through his, and we had a most delightful ramble. The house is built in the modern taste, noble and convenient, but small in comparison with the old one; the ruins of which, even now, form a magnificent pile of building. In the time of Archibald earl of Walsingham it was the family residence, but very much out of repair; and he being a gay man, preferred building a new house in the fashionable style to laying out his money on the old castle of his ancestors. Some of the materials for building were brought away, as was likewise the best of the furniture, and all the pictures. The back windows of the house command different views of this ancient castle; particularly from the library, where through a vista of old trees its appearance is both sublime and beautiful.

But to return to our walk in the gardens, which are very extensive, and sloping with a beautiful declivity, are terminated by a clear stream; over which is thrown a light Chinese bridge, which leads to the path in which several small temples are erected. I drew the plans for some of them when in town. I have not seen them all; but one I have seen, and am delighted with it. It was designed by the late accomplished lady Walsingham, and does honour to her taste.

On a smooth green plot stands a small white building in the style of an hermitage. The steps of this

enchanting little grotto are cut out of the greensward. Over the door are these lines:

> 'O may I with myself agree,
> And never covet what I see;
> Content me with an humble shade,
> My passions tam'd, my wishes laid.'

The furniture is a rushy couch, cane chairs, and an oaken table. A shelf with some books is fixed in a recess on one side of the door. From the small gothic windows are perceived the glittering spires and dark turrets of the castle. The walls are in imitation of stone, and a large cross is rudely sculptured on one side. The dashing of the cascade is heard at a distance. The pleasing murmuring of the water and the wild romantic scenery, joined to the solitude of the place, raises a calm yet sublime sensation in the breast; encourages contemplation, and, as it were, estranges us to the world.

We walked round to the front of the house, where the prospect is almost boundless. On the left, a hanging wood frowns with majestic grandeur; on the right, a beautiful sheet of water—-adorn'd with ten lovely swans, and several cygnets; and in the front never can 'the prospect tire the view.' The lawns, the park, the distant village, bounded by the horizon only. Such is Walsingham, and your daughter the happy mistress of the whole. O my mother! that your health would permit you to come and witness my happiness! Well, I must be content thus only to communicate it, since it is impossible to see you.

Having said so much of the house, it is time to say something of the company. Lady Mary Brilliant, lord Seymore, and Mr. Linly, arrived the night before Mrs. Howard and I. I thought lady Julia received us with less affection than politeness. You know she has not seen either her brother or me since our marriage, as she was then with her aunt at the German Spa. And though she has been more than a year in England, she has never made one visit to town; which is the more remarkable as solitude used to be her aversion. Perhaps, she is displeased at another being in her place, as she used to be her brother's housekeeper. Yet she need not mind that; for her fortune is very large, and quite at her own disposal.

We are in expectation of sir Harry Champly, and the right hon. Charles Baderly. The last gentleman is from Ireland, and is expected with great impatience by Walsingham; who says, with this addition, he may challenge all England to produce such a party as ours will then be.—Hark! —the sound of horses.—I will go down, and see if he is come; for really Adolphus has made me quite curious.

(In continuation.)

No, 'tis not the Irish gentleman; but a letter for me, from London.— I may now say with Walsingham— With this addition, England cannot produce a happier party than Walsingham will boast.

Who do you think is on the road to us? O my dear mamma! it is the friend of my childhood, my inestimable miss Lester, who after a five years absence is returned to her native country; and by this early favour shows she has not forgot her Caroline, (although she neglected to write to her;) but brings back the warm heart, the affectionate love, which used so charmingly to distinguish her.

With what joy, what rapture, shall I present my little Adolphus to the lovely Helen! Now, indeed, I shall watch every carriage, and the sound of every horse's foot. I can write no more; but when this joy-

ous interview is over you shall hear again from your very affectionate, and happy daughter,

CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

LETTER II.

The Hon. Charles Baderly to Sir Robert Lexton.

Walsingham-Hall.

BOB, you and I have both heard of Mahomet's paradise, and of its beautiful inhabitants. But *I have found* the happy place. If you doubt my assertion, come, my boy; come on the wings of hope to Walsingham. If I was delighted at the perspective beauty of the situation; if I was pleased with the elegant simplicity of the house; how was I astonished at—but how shall I describe, the assemblage of grace and loveliness that meet in the charming mistress of this happy place? No, my pen can never describe lady Walsingham. I may tell you, she is above the common height of women; that she is elegantly formed; that she is exquisitely fair; that her eyes are a languishing blue, and that her head is adorned with a profusion of auburn hair: but I can never *tell* you what lines of sense mark her expressive countenance. No, you must *see her* to do her justice, and then in her intelligent eye you may read her whole soul. Oh, Lexton, I little thought that I should ever envy a married man; and yet, I was never an enemy to the sex, as you know.

But her husband is my friend, and that will act as an antidote against the witchcraft of her eyes.—If I did not think so, I would not stay another night under her roof. But I have not yet introduced you to the company.

Walsingham, who was on the look out, descried, and hastened to meet me in the park. I alighted from my horse, and we walked together to the house. 'How happy, my dear friend,' said Walsingham, 'does this favour make me; I have a wife, Charles; a woman I am sure you will admire, and am impatient to have you acquainted with.'

We entered the house, and he led the way to the drawing-room, without permitting me to change my dress.

The company were assembled there. At one of the windows stood two ladies in conversation; but on our entrance they both turned round. Heavens! what beauty did that movement discover! Oh, Bob! you would have given half your estate to have been present at my introduction. Never before had I seen such sweetness and majesty blended in one countenance as I then beheld in lady Walsingham's.

'Caroline,' said my friend, 'I can now make a return to miss Lester for the pleasure conferred on us this morning, by introducing the honourable Charles Baderly to her and your acquaintance. The long-wished for, the long-expected friend of my heart.'

Lady Walsingham with a charming frankness gave me her hand; and I ventured, as the friend of her husband, to press her damask cheek.

Walsingham took miss Lester by the hand. 'This lovely girl, Baderly, does my Caroline the honour to prefer her company to the gay scenes of London; and has distinguished this day by her arrival.'

I saluted the lady; congatulated her on the justness of her taste. But who would not prefer their society, and the magic spot she dwells on, to the noise, the smoke, and the distraction of the metropolis.

Walsingham led his fair guest toward the company. I followed his example, with his still fairer wife.

He presented me to the party; which consisted of lady Mary Brilliant, whose father you know; the hon. miss Howard (whom neither you nor I know): by the way, she is a rich handsome widow; sir Harry Champly, a most confounded coxcomb; the modest Theodosius Linley, our Carne Abbey acquaintance; and lord Seymore, a very worthy nobleman.

Julia Walsingham, the sister of our friend, you remember—but the wild blooming girl you knew is metamorphosed into the pale languid woman of fashion; and her warm and lively spirits are changed to a most forbidding coldness. She is even cool to her angelic sister.—What strange mutable animals are women!—and yet, I think, Walsingham's wife is an exception from this foible; she seems as happy in the company of her old friend miss Lester as she could be in the acquisition of a new acquaintance.

The evening of my arrival passed very convivially; the women were sprightly—the men were rational.

Miss Lester would have lady Walsingham's child brought in: she took the smiling boy in her arms, and nursed him a considerable time. He is a most charming infant: and never could his nurse appear to greater advantage than while she so exerted herself: every one was delighted with her. Indeed, she is a woman of a very fine figure, of a majestic and dignified form. Though not fair, she has a lovely complexion; piercing black eyes; fine eyebrows, and hair of the same colour; with such an air of vivacity and archness difused over her countenance, that one or two in our party dare hardly look at her. I need not inform you that I make not one of their corps. No, no, Bob; though I detest a demure prude, as a stupid piece of still-life, yet I admire not the other extreme; for when a lady's animation passes a certain boundary it becomes excessively indelicate, and is more disgusting to me than even prudery. I would rather be in company with a good picture than either of them.

Miss Lester, is certainly no prude. No, she is one of those good girls who make the most of the gifts which Heaven has been pleased to bestow on them. She has already distinguished me above my fellows. I know not why: unless because I have distinguished her less.—Women love contradiction. They disregard the conquests they have made, and are always contriving to ensnare those who stand aloof. And where, methinks I hear you exclaim, did you, Baderly, acquire all this philosophy, that you can withstand all the contrivances of a beautiful woman, and talk of standing aloof with as much sang froid as if you had passed your grand climacteric? I will answer you, my friend.—I have not the smallest wish to be distinguished by miss Lester; but would prefer one approving smile from the mild countenance, of lady Walsingham to the most studied, the most fascinating glances of the coquetish Lester; for a coquet I am sure she is.

This is the birth-day of Walsingham; and to-night we are to have a concert (several of the neighbouring families, who are performers, are expected), in an elegant temple, built, I understand, from a plan drawn by lady Walsingham, and dedicated to harmony. The lamps are already lighting; I will go down, and see who is come to increase our festivity with their company. Some country squires, I imagine; for they a laughing most confoundedly loud.

(In continuation.)

On entering the saloon I found a very elegant company of both sexes assembled. On my entrance (for I was the last), lady Walsingham led the way to the temple in the garden; in which this amiable woman had paid Walsingham every possible honour in the decorations. The outside of the building was one entire blaze of light. On ascending the steps under the portico, A W. in variegated lamps, and the arms of the family surrounded with laurel, had a brilliant effect. Within the doors the scene which presented was enchanting—it seemed the work of magic, and I actually rubbed my eyes to know if I was really awake.

The building is an octagon; an arras of white satin covers the walls, on which subjects that do honour to music are painted by lady Walsingham from the heathen mythology. A light gallery runs round the top; which on this occasion was formed into an arcade, with green-house plants, and artificial flowers; under which were placed refreshments (for we had no regular supper). In each angle stood a beautiful china vase filled with aromatic waters, which diffused a fragrant perfume.

The roof terminated in a dome; the ceiling represented an open and serene sky, with angels in the attitude of listening to the sounds which might arise from below. And, surely, the strains that were heard this night there might have drawn listening angels from their happy abode.

Here is a very fine-toned organ, to which Walsingham did justice. Miss Lester took the harp, on which she performed in a masterly style. Julia struck the lute, lady Walsingham the piano forte, lord Seymore the flute, your humble servant strummed the base viol. The other gentlemen took violins, except Champly, who with great fury blew the bassoon. We played several of Handel's best pieces; some concertos of Jackson, &c. When songs were called for, miss Lister favoured us with some Italian airs, and then, by the desire of Walsingham, warbled the old English song of 'Somebody;' and really somebody's eyes were fixed with such rapturous attention on her, that I knew not what the deuc to think.

Seymore called on lady Walsingham for a song: 'If she complies,' said he to me, who sat next to him, 'you will think yourself in Elysium.' Before I could answer she struck the chords of her piano; played a grand symphony: then changed her style, and sung one of the tenderest, softest, sweetest airs, that ministering spirits ever chanted over the dying bed of the happy.—I was mute with astonishment. When she concluded, a profound silence reigned for a moment, and when it was broken every tongue encored her; but she modestly declined singing the same air again. And why? Because the words and air were her own composing. But I could have listened to the same air, and the same voice, 'from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve.'

She turned over her music, and selected a beautiful song of Pleyel's. On her rising, Seymore, who had been busy with the music which lay scattered on the top of the instrument, sat down to the keys, and in a fine mellow tune, sung,

> 'Hush every breeze, let nothing move;
> My Delia sings, and sings of love.'

The compliment pleased me; it was delicate—I wished I had sung the song myself.

We did not separate till a late hour. The concert concluded with 'My faith and truth,' sung by Walsingham and lady Mary: she has but a weak voice, and of very little com-

pass, but is a passionate admirer of music, particularly of lady Walsingham's performances.

We could not prevail on the pensive Julia to warble once.—What can ail the girl Lexton? Only she has become so cursed proud, or I should think she was in love: but I am persuaded she regards herself too much to fret her bloom away for another. All I can say, is, there is a wonderful alteration in her; and an alteration by no means for the better.—So, so, what the deuce is the matter now!

A tremendous bounce at the room door made me start; but a mighty pretty laugh informed me that miss Lester was there. I opened the door immediately. 'Well,' said the lady, 'I have been searching the house all over; and not finding you any where imagined you was no longer a terrestrial, but had got translated to apartments in the moon. See, I have run away with little Adolphus; when his nurse misses him, there will be a fine piece of work.'

'Tis true,' said I, 'I have been travelling among the planetary worlds; but since the goddess of beauty condescends to bring a cherub to my earthly dwelling, I am content to abide in it; for where shall I meet a brighter constellation than this before me, a Venus and a Cupid?'

The compliment was gross; but the lady smiled. Upon my soul, Lexton, I have often thought that a vain woman and a drunken man are very much alike: the one swallows liquor, however bad; the other flattery, however fulsome. 'Come,' cried my visitor, 'find your hat; Mrs. Howard wants me to walk with her to the village, but I positively shan't stir without a protector.'

I did as the lady commanded; found my hat, and sallied forth to the hamlet; for though I saw Mrs. Howard was not pleased with my attendance, she did not forbid it. I therefore accompanied them on the visit of charity, for such it was on Mrs. Howard's part, who seemed well known. Indeed, in my eyes, she appeared a second lady Bountiful, while she dispensed happiness to her old pensioners, comfort to the sick, and advice to the young. Nor was this all; for at every house at which we stopped she left a token of the generosity of her spirit; and in return was loaded with the blessings of the grateful creature. But what was miss Lester's employment? Why, pulling about every thing within her reach. 'Look here, Baderly, what shocking ugly chairs.—What a bore of a table. Bless me, what queer dishes!' All the time the poor women were blushing and curtseying. I was ashamed of her behaviour, actually; for though no saint myself, yet, when I discover that noble spirit of philanthropy which shines so bright in Mrs. Howard, and appears to so much advantage in a female, or which rather makes the sex appear to advantage, I feel my heart warm towards them, whether man, woman, or child.

Mrs. Howard is a young monitress, but virtue in her appears in its proper form; young, rich, and beautiful; with a heart ready to pity, and a hand to relieve every one in want of her assistance.

Miss Lester complained of being weary, and vowed to come no more on such errands of charity to the village. Mrs. Howard made no reply, but I saw she was vexed.

When we returned home miss Lester amused herself and some of the company with a ludicrous description of our walk, and the awkward reception we had. 'Really poor Baderly looked as if he had never been out of a cathedral till this evening; I did not think he

could have looked so very sheepish. But as for Mrs. Howard, no nun ever told her beads with so pensive an air; indeed, she acted the part of a lady abbess to perfection. So soft, so mild, so pitiful; while her village acquaintance stood with distended mouths, overpowered with the thought that so great a lady could condescend to notice such little folks. I assure you I walked out allegro—but came back quite adagio; which proves that I am one of the best creatures living, as I cannot bear to see people in trouble.'

'I do not think it proves any such thing,' said Mrs. Howard, reddening. 'We went not to make visits of ceremony, but to chase the gloom of sorrow from the brow of the widow and the orphan; if these are fit subjects for your sarcasms, I have done. I must say, however, if I had thought the worthy creatures would have received nothing from your visit but ridicule, I should not have requested your company. But I imagined a lady of your fortune would have been happy to dispense a little of that wealth to the less fortunate, and am sorry I was deceived.'

'Ridiculous!' exclaimed miss Lester; 'so, my dear Mrs. Howard, you would have me lay out my possessions in portions to village swains, and cottagers daughters; ha! ha! ha! And turn methodist, I suppose, and lay up my treasure in Heaven?'

'I shall leave you to lay out your money and wit too, as you think proper,' said Mrs. Howard, rising, and quitting the room.

I followed her to the steps that led into the garden; but Seymore coming in sight, I left them to pursue their walk by themselves, and came to make an end of this letter.

Thine, as usual,

CHARLES BADERLY.

(To be continued.)

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A DRESS of pale pink muslin or crape, over a white sarsnet slip; the sleeves of the slip laid in small plaits, and trimmed with lace: and the sleeves of the dress fastened with silver and pearl ornaments. Head-dress, a bandeau of white crape, ornamented with a gold tiara set with rubies. Necklace and armlets to correspond. White gloves and shoes.

2. A plain muslin dress, Vandyked round the bottom; a short Spanish cloak of lilac satin, made to fit the back, and full on the shoulders, trimmed all round with a very rich Vandyked lace; bonnet of the same, crown intermixed with lace and trimmed to match. Limerick gloves and shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ROBES of white Italian crape over a satin slip of the same colour, ornamented round the bottom with festoons, and painted shells of their natural colours, are much worn. The bosoms are plain scolloped cut very low, and made to sit close. The sleeves are waved and full, and composed of alternate slips or stripes of crape and pink satin.

The hair is bound in smooth bands, confined on the forehead, and ornamented behind with wreaths of wild roses.—Pearl necklaces and earrings are in great request, as are shoes of pink satin, and gloves of white kid, rucked.

A FASHIONABLE QUERE.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I am very anxious to have an answer to this interesting enquiry from one of your numerous correspondents as early as possible, as it will give great relief to the mind of

CHARLOTTE.

Curzon-Street, July 4.

IF Charlotte spends an evening at the house of Maria in consequence of a very pressing invitation; and if on coming away Maria does not repeat the invitation; is Charlotte to understand that Maria does not wish her to repeat her visit, or is it to be understood, that Maria waits for an invitation from Charlotte?

ADVICE TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE custom practised in England during the times of the Saxons and Danes, of proving the innocence of the ladies of those ages, by making them walk bare-footed through burning plough-shares, with their eyes hood-winked, seems to me to carry a sort of secret allegory along with it, and to typify the condition of the unmarried part of the fair sex; for what so analogous to the dangers of walking through burning plough-shares, as the strong temptations that sex are exposed to from the warm addresses of the other?

Again, if the lady suspected of incontinence should (as it was ten to one but she would) touch any of the burning plough-shares, though ever so slightly, she was reputed guilty, though, perhaps, very often innocent. So with us; if a lady listens ever so little beyond the usual bounds of an allowed mutual intercourse, her reputation, like the ordeal lady's, is lost in the opinion of the world, though her virtue stands secure in her own.

The circumstance of walking bare-footed is a strong confirmation of an allegorical sense; since being a little scorched by the hot-iron can never be meant as an adequate punishment for the crime, and must therefore be understood figuratively, to express that there is nothing to protect them from the dangers they are exposed to but their bare natural innocence; which, for that reason, is the easier corrupted, as the foot is more liable to be scorched by being bare and defenceless than if it was protected by a covering.

The eyes being hood-winked is a further confirmation of an allegorical sense; for love is always described by poets as wearing a bandage over his eyes. This, then, being the condition of the unmarried ladies, I shall endeavour to point out a path they may tread, and be secure amidst the burning plough-shares strewed in their way.

The high road that leads to the happiness and misery of the sex is love. Their inexperience, added to the pleasures that enchanting route offers to their pleased senses, makes them but too often quit the rugged track for the more beaten one; which seeming, as in fact it is, to be more frequented, and being most agreeable, draws their steps insensibly from the other.

The rugged track consists in keep-

ing within the bounds prescribed by custom, decency, and virtue. I say custom, because, though in the real road of virtue there are several primrose paths (as Laertes in Shakspeare expresses himself), which may invite the step, without leading absolutely out of the road itself, or offering any indecent prospect to the view, yet the world expects the fair traveller should tread the direct road without turning to the right or left, for fear she should wander too far, or trip unawares.

But to leave the allegory, every woman has two characters to maintain; one which she owes to herself, and one which she owes to the world:—the characters of virtue and reputation. Many women have lost their reputations, and yet have preserved their virtues; for it is more difficult, by far, to preserve reputation than virtue. The one depends on the opinion of the public, who may judge from false appearances, and of course err; the other on an inward consciousness of what is right, which can never err. But as reputation, as well as virtue, is essential to every woman that would live agreeably in the world, and at peace within herself, both must be preserved.

It would be an affront to the sex to offer any arguments to them to induce them to preserve their virtues. To suppose they want directions on this head would be an unpardonable presumption; yet, without meaning to offend them, I will venture to say, that I have observed some among them who have not had so much regard for reputation as the importance of it requires, and who think that nothing can be laid to their charge so long as they can satisfy themselves as to their own conduct: a way of thinking productive of all the exterior ills that attend an actual deviation from virtue.

How different is the behaviour of Leonora and Prudentia in this respect! Prudentia has as strong a passion for Leontius as Leonora feels for Torrismond. The same reasons forbid these coming together as keep those asunder. The only difference between their behaviour is, that Prudentia endeavours to conquer the passion she has for Leontius; whereas Leonora still feeds hers, by keeping company with Torrismond. Prudentia feels as great happiness in the thought of being united to Leontius as Leonora does in that of a union with Torrismond; but considering the little prospect there is of it, she forbears the dangerous intimacies which Leonora indiscreetly ventures upon. Prudentia may at length get the better of her passion by the method she takes, but Leonora never will. Both have an equal regard for virtue, but Prudentia has most for her reputation; Leonora thinks, that, while she is conscious that no one can arraign her virtue, no one ought to arraign her reputation. Prudentia thinks the best security her virtue can have is an unattacked reputation. Prudentia has not more virtue than Leonora, but does more to preserve it. Leonora thinks her reputation secure while her virtue is so, and applies all her care to preserve that. The consequence of which different behaviour is this. The world being prepossessed in favour of Prudentia, and prejudiced against Leonora, Prudentia might lose her virtue, and yet preserve her reputation; and Leonora lose her reputation, and yet be strictly virtuous. The one therefore is to be commended, the other to be pitied.

J. D.

Southampton, May 24.

OBSERVATIONS on the CREDIT due to TRAVELLERS reporting marvellous Facts, as to Character and Manners.

By the late Dr. BEATTIE.

(From sir William Forbes's 'Life of Dr. Beattie.')

WHEN an European arrives in any remote part of the globe, the natives, if they know any thing of his country, will be apt to form no very favourable opinion of his intentions with regard to their liberties; if they know nothing of him they will yet keep aloof, on account of his strange language, complexion, and accoutrements. In either case, he has little chance of understanding their laws, manners, and principles of action, except by a long residence in the country, which would not suit the views of one traveller in five thousand. He therefore picks up a few strange plants and animals, which he may do with little trouble or danger; and at his return to Europe is welcomed by the literati, as a philosophic traveller of most accurate observation and unquestionable veracity. He describes, perhaps, with tolerable exactness, the soils, plants, and other irrational curiosities of the new country, which procures credit to what he has to say of the people; though his accuracy in describing the material phenomena is no proof of his capacity to explain the moral. One can easily dig to the root of a plant, but it is not so easy to penetrate the motive of an action; and till the motive of an action be known, we are no competent judges of its morality; and in many cases, the motive of an action is not known without a most intimate knowledge of the language and manners of the agent. Our traveller then delivers a few facts of the moral kind, which perhaps he does not understand, and from them draws some inferences suitable to the taste of the times, or to a favourite hypothesis. He tells us of a Californian who sold his bed in the morning, and came, with tears in his eyes, to beg it back at night; whence he very wisely infers that the poor Californians are hardly one degree above the brutes in understanding, for that they have neither foresight nor memory sufficient to direct their conduct on the most common occasions of life. In a word, they are quite a different species of animal from the European; and it is a gross mistake to think that all mankind are descended from the same parents. But one need not go so far as to California in quest of men who sacrifice a future good to a present gratification. In the metropolis of Great Britain one may meet with many reputed Christians who would act the same part for the pleasure of carousing half a day in a gin-shop. Again, to illustrate the same important truth, that man is a beast, or very little better, we are told of another nation, on the banks of the Orellana, so wonderfully stupid, that they cannot reckon beyond the number three, but point to the hair of the head whenever they would signify a greater number; as if four and four thousand were to them equally inconceivable. But whence it comes to pass that these people are capable of speech, or of reckoning at all, even so far as to three, is a difficulty, of which our historian attempts not the solution. But till he shall solve it I must beg leave to tell him, that the one half of his tale contradicts the other as effectually as if he had told us of a people who were so weak as to be incapable of bodily exertion, and yet that he had seen one of them lift a stone of a hundred weight.

On the COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES and DISADVANTAGES of PRIVATE and PUBLIC EDUCATION.

(By the Same.)

COULD mankind lead their lives in solitude, which is so favourable to many of our most virtuous affections, I should be clearly on the side of a private education. But most of us, when we go out into the world, find difficulties in our way which good principles and innocence alone will not qualify us to encounter: we must have some address and knowledge of the world, different from what is to be learned from books, or we shall soon be puzzled, disheartened, or disgusted. The foundation of this knowledge is laid in the intercourse of school-boys, or at least of young men of the same age. When a boy is always under the direction of a parent, or tutor, he acquires such a habit of looking up to them for advice, that he never learns to act or think for himself; his memory is exercised, indeed, in retaining their advice, but his invention is suffered to languish, till, at last, it becomes totally inactive. He knows, perhaps, a great deal of history or science; but he knows not how to conduct himself on those ever-changing emergencies, which are too minute and too numerous to be comprehended in any system of advice. He is astonished at the most common appearances, and discouraged by the most trifling (because unexpected) obstacles; and he is often at his wits' end, where a a boy of much less knowledge, but more experience, would instantly devise a thousand expedients.

Another inconvenience attending private education is the suppression of the principle of emulation, without which it rarely happens that a boy prosecutes his studies with alacrity or success. I have heard private tutors complain that they were obliged to have recourse to flattery or bribery to engage the attention of their pupil, and I need not observe how improper it is to set the example of such practices before children. True emulation, especially in young and ingenuous minds, is a noble principle. I have known the happiest effects produced by it; I never knew it to be productive of any vice. In all public schools it is, or ought to be, carefully cherished.— I shall only observe further, that when boys pursue their studies at home they are apt to contract either a habit of idleness, or too close an attachment to reading: the former breeds innumerable diseases, both in the body and soul; the latter, by filling young and tender minds with more knowledge than they can either retain or arrange properly, is apt to make them superficial or inattentive, or, what is worse, to strain, and consequently impair, the faculties, by overstretching them. I have known several instances of both.

The great inconvenience of public education arises from its being dangerous to morals. And, indeed, every condition and period of human life is liable to temptation. Nor will I deny that our innocence during the first part of life is much more secure at home than any-where else; yet even at home, when we reach a certain age, it is not perfectly secure. Let young men be kept at the greatest distance from bad company, it will not be easy to keep them from bad books, to which, in these days, all persons may have easy access at all times. Let us, however, suppose the best, that both bad books and bad company keep away, and that the young man never leaves his parents' or tutor's side

till his mind be well furnished with good principles, and himself arrived at the age of reflection and caution; yet temptations must come at last; and when they come, will they have the less strength, because they are new, unexpected, and surprising? I fear not. The more the young man is surprised, the more apt will he be to lose his presence of mind, and consequently the less capable of self-government. Besides, if his passions are strong, he will be disposed to form comparisons between his past state of restraint and his present of liberty, very much to the disadvantage of the former. His new associates will laugh at him for his reserve and preciseness, and his acquaintance with their manners, and with the world, as it will render him the more obnoxious to their ridicule, will also disqualify him the more both for supporting it with dignity, and also for defending himself against it.—A young man, kept by himself at home, is never well known, even by his parents; because he is never placed in those circumstances which alone are able to rouse and interest his passions, and consequently to make his character appear. His parents, therefore, or tutors, never know his weak side, nor what particular advice or cautions he stands most in need of; whereas, if he had attended a public school, and mingled in the amusements and pursuits of his equals, his virtues and vices would have been disclosing themselves every day; and his teachers would have known what particular precepts and examples it was most expedient to inculcate upon him. Compare those who had a public education with those who have been educated at home; and it will not be found, in fact, that the latter are, either in virtue or in talents, superior to the former. I speak from observation of fact, as well as from attending to the nature of the thing.

INCONSTANCY.

A FRAGMENT.

By S. Y.

——ONCE, ah! once o'er this bridge I conducted the faithless Jemima; on this little bridge we stopped to hear the gentle murmur of the waters. I at that moment was the happiest of men, I was almost supposing impossibilities. As the sun was sinking into the lap of eve, we promenaded the side of the river. The wild honey-suckles perfumed the gentle zephyrs. I plucked from amidst the brake a beautiful wild-rose: I pressed it to my lips, and gave it Jemima;—she placed it in her bosom.

'Fix'd in that happy region next her heart,
Your sweets a while with joy ye shall dispense,
And constant, like the giver, never part,
'Till death, alas! too sudden snatch you hence.'

Then, ah! then, how divine, how lovely did she look! Her sparkling eyes were animated, and the glow of the little rose added brilliancy to her complexion. She clasped her arm in mine: we strayed on, while the nightingale poured forth her gentle soothing strain, and the rural murmur of the wood pigeon was pleasing to the ear of the gentle maiden.

'Then Hope was kind, and Friendship seem'd sincere.'

She gave me a handkerchief containing the initials of her name; they were wrought with her own dear hands, with the silken hair from her

flowing ringlets. She bade me not despair: she disclaimed against every other. I gazed, loved, and fondly hoped: but all those marks of affection are, alas! now with her forgotten; and must I own my weakness?—still, every tittle I have in remembrance, every little token I received from her I have preserved.

For mem'ry still, reluctant to depart
From the dear spot, once rich in prospects fair,
Bids the fond soul enamour'd linger there,
And its least charm is grateful to the heart!'

I often pass the grove, the tree, the bridge, the river, which bear witness to the vows she gave; but to me they have no charms. I pass them now regardless by—save the tribute of a sigh, which bitter remembrance obliges. The wild-rose blooms, but not for me; the waters murmur, but they afford to me no pleasing sensation; the nightingale pours her tale, but not to me; the murmur of the wood-pigeon resounds throughout the grove, but with me all is lost; I have no pleasure in them.

The AMIABLE WIFE and ARTFUL MISTRESS.

[*An Extract from* SANTO SEBASTIANO, *a Novel, by the Author of* '*The Romance of the Pyrenees.*']

SHORTLY after tea, lord Delamore and Mr. Temple commenced a serious engagement at backgammon. Lady Delamore retired, to weep again for those domestic misfortunes, she now believed irremediable; and lady Theodosia requested Julia to accompany her on a walk. Our heroine complied: and after they had rambled for some time about the beautiful and romantic grounds, and lady Theodosia had pointed out different objects worthy of admiration, she took Julia's arm, lowered the tone of her voice, and with a serious air, addressed her.—

'From what you must have observed to-day, miss De Clifford, you doubtlessly believe you have entered a most disunited family:—and your belief is just; for, alas! I think there can be few more unhappy families in existence!'

Julia was shocked; and said, with ineffable feeling, 'she was grieved to hear it.'

'—And, as you seem to possess real feeling, you will be more so to see it: and much I fear, you will often repent becoming an inmate of yonder magnificent castle, where the genius of discord reigns—in the person of my sister. From all strangers (I mean daily, or accidental, visitors), it is my excellent mother's wish to conceal our sorrows: but as you are come to form one of our family, concealment from you would be a vain attempt; and therefore, that you may comprehend every thing you hear, and may know my inestimable mother is blameless, I will give you a brief history of our house; in doing which, perhaps you may acquire some useful information, for, in knowing us all, you may learn to regulate your conduct, to avoid creating enemies for yourself.—

'My father, by unfortunately losing both his parents at a very early age, had no one left to him, to whose authority he would bend, or submit to consider as his adviser or his guide. The consequence was inevitable:—the impetuosity of ungovernable passions led them to become his masters: and uncontrolled they have, alas! governed him in many points, even to this hour. He became, before his minority expired,

a complete man of the town; and had plunged with avidity into all of libertinism, sanctioned by fashionable dissipation.

'Unhappily for his wife, and offspring, he found, among the abandoned of our sex, a Mrs. Monk;—a woman who so entirely fascinated him, that serious apprehensions were entertained by his family that he would be so disgracefully infatuated as to marry her. My father was, and is, a most enthusiastic admirer of female beauty. His uncles and sister dared not to advise him; but, availing themselves of this admiration, contrived to let him see my mother, lady Emily Stanmore, then not fifteen, who was still secluded, by a rigid father, with her governess, to complete the plan of education he had formed for her, and her two sisters before her, ladies Ennerdale and Horatio Fitzroy. The budding beauty of lady Emily, you can readily believe, was transcendent: my father, in one interview, felt its magic; and, as his family hoped, fell distractedly in love, and instantly resolved this new fascinator should be his wife. Luckily for this determination, my grandfather Ashgrove approved the match for his mere child, who was told she must marry this very young, and very handsome, lord; and, ere she knew she had a heart, her hand was given to a man not capable of long appreciating her matchless merit.

'My mother's mind was too sublimated for my father's. Her exalted virtues were not (I suppose) to his taste: again he sought out a being congenial to him; and Mrs. Monk was reinstated in his favour. As time stole on, he became disgusted with the metropolis; and for these last six years (except when parliamentary business calls him to town, and a love of mixing in society, solely composed of nobility, detains him a short time there), Delamore castle has been his constant residence; and during this period, yon white house, peeping from amid that lofty wood, has been the habitation of Mrs. Monk.

'My mother married, at the command of an arbitrary father, without affection, and without dislike. Her heart, lord Delamore might have easily won; for in her bosom I have often perceived are the seeds of dormant affection, which a little kindness would awaken, and teach to glow: although the neglect she at first, and the often harsh and contemptuous treatment she has since, experienced, might not only have indelibly fixed her indifference, but awakened resentment and hatred;—but these are inmates not to be found in the bosom of my mother, who has ever been the meek, submissive, uncomplaining, suffering, model of excellence, as a wife. . . . . Why not say truth, at once?—In every way, she is perfection. . . . .

'It was the interest of Mrs. Monk totally to destroy my father's affection for my mother: but in this attempt she could not effectually succeed; for, even when he treated her most unkindly, his eulogiums upon her beauty, her understanding, and sweetness of disposition, to every one he mentioned his wife to, still sounded like the language of ardent love; and when he openly forsook her, and went with the vile Monk to make the tour of Italy, he took French leave of his mistress at Rome, and almost flew back to England, upon reading in a newspaper of my mother's being indisposed. But as Monk failed in entirely banishing his wife from my father's heart, she resolved, in vengeance, to make her wretched.—In this, alas! she has too fatally succeeded!

'At first, the specious fiend began her project by introducing jea-

lousy into my father's too susceptible bosom;—working upon him, by constantly citing the indifference of lady Delamore, contrasted with her own fervent attachment; and at length assuring him some other happy man had overcome her ladyship's apathy, and that he had a rival. Roused almost to frensy by this insinuation, my credulous father became an attentive observer; and then madly subscribed to the malicious aspersions of his designing favourite. My angelic mother had now to bear all the rancour of her infatuated husband's jealousy. For years, her every look and action were watched by the distempered eye of suspicion, and the prejudiced one of malice: but so upright, so pure, was my mother's conduct, that not a being could be discovered on whom the possibility of even a suspicion could glance, as favoured by her.

'From the moment Selina and St. Orville were capable of any kind of discrimination, my infatuated father (under pretence of fondness leading him to indulge in the company of his children) took them constantly to visit Mrs. Monk, who then resided in Green-street, when this insidious woman exerted all her powers to win their young affections, by every species of indulgence. With Selina, she readily and completely succeeded; but with my noble brother, only until about the period he attained his seventh year, when some visitor at Delamore-house (who knew my father's reprehensible conduct, in taking his children, unknown to my mother, to visit this infamous woman) told St. Orville, 'not to accompany his father to Mrs. Monk, who was a very bad woman; who told fibs of his amiable mother, and made her very unhappy.' From this moment, it was only by force St. Orville could be dragged into the house of Mrs. Monk; but neither offers of reward, nor actual punishment, could induce him to receive any kindness from this now, by him, abhorred woman. All her presents he spurned with indignation; bearing, with unshrinking firmness, even the severe chastisement of his exasperated father: with the same inflexible resolution, he concealed the name of his informer; and revealed not, even in the sad moments his feeling heart was agonised in anguish at his father's unkindness, a particle of all the misery he so heroically suffered to his adored mother, lest it should grieve her; but in her presence ever gaily smiling, whilst his bosom was torn by secret sorrow.

'At length, my dear brother was sent to Eaton, where my mother's nephew, lord De Lisle, had been for some months before him, from whom St. Orville learned Mrs. Monk was the mistress of his father. Horror was now added to my brother's griefs; and when, upon the first vacation, he returned home, and my father desired him to attend him to Green-street, St. Orville, in tears, informed lord Delamore, 'that not even his lordship's commands should, without force, lead him to disgrace himself, by entering the house of his father's mistress—the destroyer of his virtuous, inestimable, lovely mother's happiness.'

'My father made no reply; and Monk, irritated at the noble boy's invincible rectitude, no doubt fed and augmented every particle of resentment my father's breast cherished. During that vacation, Alfred was asked no more to visit Mrs. Monk: he returned to Eaton, and after being some weeks there, and without any previous notice, his allowance was suddenly reduced to one half of what he had been accustomed to receive. Poor Alfred was horror-struck; for, not aware of this reduction, he unavoidably found him-

self in debt, and unable to give where charity or generosity had claims upon him. His honour, his integrity, his benevolence, all were deeply wounded. He would not request a supply from my mother (who has always had unlimited credit upon my father's banker), or any of his friends, lest it should lead to the discovery of his father's unkindness; but, determined to pay his debts, he formed the heroic resolution (for surely, in a boy of ten years old, it was heroism) of debarring himself of every luxury, every recreation, which boys at school delight in; and refrained from visiting the fruit, cake, or toy-shop, for the honourable purpose of paying his debts, and the humane one of continuing a pension to a poor blind woman he had met with at Windsor: while, as he no longer indulged himself in those juvenile gratifications, his pride would not suffer him to partake of them, when offered by others. This change in St. Orville was observed by his companions, who soon suspected he was stinted in money; for having witnessed and partaken of his generosity (his charities were, even then, when possible, under the veil of concealment), no one supposed the change originated in choice; and, being universally beloved, his school-fellows were anxious to share their stores with him:—but Alfred, when he acts from principle, is adamant in firmness. De Lisle, about one year older than my brother, and bound to him by the most ardent ties of friendship, and a strong similitude of disposition, watched attentively on pay-days, and soon discovered poor Alfred's scanty means; and never having much himself to offer, and his little offers being always rejected, wrote off to my uncle Ashgrove, then in America, to tell him, "lord Delamore allowed his dear cousin, St. Orville, no more than a tinker would toil hard to give his son; and that he was sure, from all he had observed, that poor Alfred was as unhappy at home as his dear aunt."

'Long before this letter reached lord Ashgrove, St. Orville's vacation sent him home. By his noble forbearance, he had discharged all his debts; and had even exercised his benevolence too. My father, conjecturing that the sudden sequestration of St. Orville's allowance must have involved him in difficulties, now craftily offered him a large sum of money, and to restore his allowance to its primitive state, if he would visit Mrs. Monk, who was ready to forgive all his past unkindnesses: but St. Orville steadily refused the golden bait.—

"What!" exclaimed his father, "can a boy of honour, through a capricious whim, submit to the disgrace of continuing in debt, and defrauding the industrious of their due?"

"I am not in debt, my lord," St. Orville replied; "although I was so, when it was your lordship's pleasure to diminish your bounty to me."

'My father furiously demanded "Who had assisted him?" St. Orville answered, "his own principles;" and then recounted all those principles had led him to persevere in. Lord Delamore, without a comment, hastily quitted the room: the subject of Mrs. Monk was never mentioned to him more; his allowance was immediately restored to its original state; the arrear paid off; and from his mother's subsequent birth-day it was doubled: but from that period, Mrs. Monk has ever continued his bitter foe; poisoning my father's mind against him, and weakening the affections of lord Delamore for a son whose excellence ought to be the pride, the sunshine, of a father's heart.

'As soon after the receipt of De

Lisle's letter as it was possible to ffect it, lord Ashgrove returned home, to see what he could do to ameliorate the situation of his beloved sister, and favourite nephew. For my mother, he could do nothing; but St. Orville (it being then a long vacation), as De Lisle was going with him as a midshipman, he took on a cruise too. From that period, Alfred has passed a great deal of time with my uncle at sea; and, from those visits, he imbibed such a passion for the navy, that he entreated lord Delamore's permission to enter into it: but my father, influenced by Mrs. Monk, peremptorily refused his supplication; and poor St. Orville, since his afflicting disagreement, and disgrace, with his father, has remained at sea with lord Ashgrove, sharing every danger annexed to the profession, without the full of glory it.

'The sad rupture I allude to arose solely from my beloved brother's strong affection for my mother..... You must know, miss De Clifford, the Delamore title ranks high in the British peerage, but the estates were small; and when my father married, the jointure of my mother was settled according to her moderate fortune, and lord Delamore's own: but since that period, wealth almost unbounded has flowed in upon my father;—his two maternal uncles both died bachelors, and left immense wealth to my father. St. Orville, shocked at the poor pittance my mother had to look to, should she survive my father, and recoiling from the idea of her being left in any way to the mercy of his father's heirs; and, above all, dreading malicious influence; the moment he became of age, urged my father to augment her jointure, offering to join in any settlement for her upon the Delamore estates—the only property ecured to St. Orville. This dutiful conduct to my mother incurred my father's implacable resentment: he furiously refused to add a shilling to her dower; and vehemently accused poor Alfred of wishing for his death, which his thinking of it plainly indicated: and at length concluded with the terrible command, for St. Oville to quit his father's presence for ever. Dreadful was this grief to my mother; and unquestionably brought on that severe illness, in which we had so nearly lost her.

'Jealousy had added its baneful influence to my father's long-fostered, and artfully-fed, resentment to St. Orville; and here combined in drawing forth this terrible mandate. Alfred, about two years since, had a severe illness, in consequence of rescuing two fishermen and a boy from a watery grave: his life, for several days, was despaired of: and nothing could equal the affliction of every one in and around the castle. All the domestics, all the tenantry, and all the neighbouring poor, adore St. Orville. The higher orders estimate him in an eminent degree; and all were in serious grief at the idea of losing him, cut off, by his humanity and courage almost unparalleled, in the flower of his youth.

'In the castle, all was sorrow and despair; around it, men, women, and children, thronged, in anxious, weeping groups, to learn intelligence of him they loved. When the castle gates were closed, at night, the multitude was there; and when opened in the morning, there were they found. The lowest peasant had no heart to work; children forsook their sports; and all was universal lamentation.—St. Orville recovered; and joy was, like grief, ungoverned. In every way it was demonstrated; and even labourers subscribed a day's

hard earnings, to make bonfires, and spend it, in rejoicing for St. Orville's convalescence.

'Very shortly after, my father had a severe illness; his life, too, was despaired of. The neighbouring rich and poor bore this with perfect resignation; and his subsequent recovery, with profound philosophic calmness. This deeply mortified my father, and no doubt irritated him more against poor Alfred, upon whom misdemeanours now were heaped; for immediately after his illness, his malicious foes pretended to discover in him a predilection for an amiable object of my dear mother's care and bounty.

'About twenty years ago, a child was brought, by a poor woman, to mamma, as an object for her charitable institution—an orphan asylum. My mother, struck by the beauty of the child, and a resemblance she instantly traced to my father, promptly resolved to protect the child. Knowing lord Delamore's inconstancies, she reasonably conjectured this to be his offspring; and questioned the woman relative to the little girl's parents. The woman's confusion, contradictory answers, and the terror she evinced, all combined to change my mother's suspicions into conviction. She took the little Mary to her arms, and to her heart; attended most particularly, herself, to her care and education; and soon discovered indications of a mind as superior in refinement and perfection, as her form was in elegance and loveliness, to the plebeian companions she was classed among.

"Nature will evince herself," said my mother: "this child strongly proves the noble blood she sprung from: she shall be educated as lord Delamore's daughter; and when grown to maturity, I will present her to him, as a little blossom I found, and cherished for his sake, and then offer to his affection." Accordingly, Mary was removed from the orphan asylum, and placed with the widow of a clergyman, at Exeter:—a most amiable, well-informed, accomplished woman; who having two daughters of her own to bring up, gladly undertook the education of Mary, as the very handsome allowance my mother made was an object of great advantage to Mrs. Spencer. With that lady the sweet as lovely Mary has continued ever since, advancing each hour in mental and personal perfection; the suspicion of her birth remaining unknown to my father (who had often seen her, and considered her merely as the *protégée* of my mother): until it was insinuated by Mrs. Monk, and Selina, that St. Orville had formed an attachment to Mary, which had my mother's infatuated approbation; when dreadful was the frensy of my father's rage; and my dear mother, to vindicate herself and beloved son, confessed her belief of Mary's parentage, "which had been her inducement to take her to her heart." This confession operated like magic, in calming the storm which agitated lord Delamore's bosom; but solemnly he denied Mary's being his offspring.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Anecdote of Matthew Prior.

MATTHEW, when he had left the office he had held under the administration of lord Oxford, became in the latter part of his life, like many an ex-minister, hypochondriacal. His active mind, not having any pabulum to feed it, began to prey upon itself. He became deaf, or at least thought himself so.—When some one asked him whether he had ever observed himself deaf when he was in office—'Faith,' replied he, 'I was then so afraid of my head, that I did not attend very much to my ears.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE TEMPLE OF WEALTH:

AN ESSAY,

In Imitation of the Stanza and Manner of SPENSER.

By W. M. T——.

' Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labour of lost time, and wit unstay'd.'

Sonnet to Lord Burleigh.

———— Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

Hor. de Arte Poetica.

I.

I MUS'D on Wealth capriciously bestow'd
To pamper Luxury, encourage Sin;
To decorate vain Folly's gay abode,
And raise the throng'd assembly's senseless din:
Seldom, alas! from Poverty to win
The tear of gratitude; or bid the smile
Dimple, with joy, the infant Orphan's chin.
Seldom on these bestow'd, the glittering spoil
Is spent by Folly, tho' 'tis gain'd by Care and Guile.

II.

Bewilder'd with these thoughts, I saw arise
(So fancy painted to my youthful mind)
The Temple hight of Wealth: a ceaseless noise
Murmur'd around: with cunning art design'd,
Its sculptur'd columns rose, with wreaths entwin'd
Of mimic flowers and forms of quaint conceit:
'Neath golden canopies its guests reclin'd,
Whose glaring tints were for the structure meet,
But different far from those which deck Content's retreat.

III.

Upon a hill it stood, a craggy steep,
Which rose irregular, with thorn o'erspread,
And many a jetting cliff, and chasm deep,
Mark'd the dark path which to the temple led;
And many fairly on their journey sped,
And many labour'd ceaselessly in vain;
Whilst Wealth stood smiling on the mountain's head
To welcome all who could its summit gain.—
Now, Muse! depicture those who did their meed obtain.

IV.

The first I noted was an aged form
In russet vest penuriously clad,
'Twas far from neatness, and it scarce was warm;
Yet this old carle innum'rous riches had,
And still he wish'd for more, and still was sad
To see the careless stripling heed it not:
He deem'd all learning useless; genius mad.
' A penny saved is a penny got,'
He priz'd 'bove all the lore that e'er was mortal's lot.'

V.

To gain the summit he had spent each day,
And spar'd no means to heap his gathering store,
The haunts avoided of the young and gay,
Upon his ledger's figur'd leaves to pore;
And as he turn'd the wealth-fraught pages o'er,
He much applauded his own maxims trite;
'He that would thrive,' said he, 'must watch his door,
'Nor gad abroad, but labour day and night.
'By this I thriv'd, by this I've gain'd the wish'd-for height.'

VI.

O senseless! has the path of wealth a charm
To compensate for labour, health, and peace?
Can it with throbbing joy the bosom warm,
Or bid the pang of agony to cease?
Ah, no!—he ill employs the closing lease
Of life, who gives to gain his nights and days:
Wiser are they who ev'ry moment seize
To roam 'midst laughing Pleasure's flow'r-strew'd ways,
With Virtue temp'ring Joy, to check its lawless blaze.

VII.

But to my theme.——Next him a form advanc'd
Of lovelier carriage and of nobler mien;
Now his bright eye, as if in transport, glanc'd,
And now in sadness he was musing seen.
Around the world in search of wealth he'd been,
Had frozen in Zembla, scorch'd 'neath Egypt's sun;
For wealth had sacrific'd th'endearing scene
Of calm domestic bliss.——O silly loon!
Is gold the sole reward which thou for this hast won?

VIII.

Then marked I a figure foul to view,
Dark-brow'd, and fraught with cruelty he was,
With sunken eye, and cheek of sallow hue.—
Aye bent on ill, he heeded not the laws,
Nor conscience' sting could ever make him pause:
He ne'er felt mercy, but remorseless smil'd
To see the widow weep, himself the cause:
He'd tear the father from his dying child,
If 'twould encrease the store for which 'midst sin he toil'd.

IX.

And there was sate Frugality, a dame
Of look demure, and aspect wan with care.—
Unknown to deeds of enterprize or fame,
She gain'd her wealth by thrift, and homely fare,
By humble ways, and lore of maxims rare,
Which taught, to-day, to save to-morrow's meal,
Nor waste what now we seemingly could spare;
For Penury's chill pow'r we yet might feel,
And on us Want's dire train might unexpected steal.

X.

Of Avarice and Industry the child,
Her parents' virtues and their vices blend
In her:—It chanc'd one summer's evening mild,
As Avarice, in pedlar's garb, did wend
O'er Scotia's barren heaths, the maid he kend
Sate at her wheel beneath a turf-built shed;
Her he compress'd—and Heav'n, in time, did send
This careful dame to bless their nuptial bed,
And crown the transports of their youthful lustyhed.

XI.

And 'mongst Wealth's favourites there one was seen,
A fawning, cringing hypocrite was he;
His black aye bending was, and bland his mien,
And much he talk'd, and simper'd prettily:
Without being glad, he seem'd as if in glee,
Without misfortune, he would sorrow feign;
He humour'd each, would each one's vassal be:
If by his flattery he could obtain
The sordid ore, repaid, he deem'd, each former pain.

XII.

There favour'd sometimes too a youth I saw
Whose cheeks were pale, by midnight tapers worn,
Who oft the sigh of misery would draw,
And seem'd by many a jarring passion torn;
Now would he blest appear; and now forlorn;
For not alike upon the wayward wight
Did Fortune always smile; yet still from morn
He cards and dice would ply 'till ev'ry night:
A senseless elf he was—a gamester they him hight.

XIII.

'Twas few of these I saw; but oft a form
I mark'd, whose skin was of the tawny hue,
Whose looks were sullen as the wintry storm;—
An eld he was who never joyaunce knew,
But still would all he had to gold transmew,
And count it o'er, and listen to its sound;
'Midst numerous riches he was poor to view,
And gain'd wealth's summit by this lore profound,
'That every farthing, heaped, in time becomes a pound.

XIV.

A miser he was call'd; his glittering heap
Was all he lov'd, and yet it gave him pain;

For, thinking on it, he could never sleep,
But horrid dreams would agitate his brain
Of bankrupts, thieves, and penury's dire train.
He felt in short, tho' rich, a very hell.—
These, and a many more, the height did gain;
But tiresome were the task them all to tell,
And numbers would, I doubt, disgrace the muses' shell.

XV.

More eath 'twill be to say, 'twas oft'ner gain'd
By the dull spirit who could ever toil;
By him whom proud Oppression's deeds had stain'd;
By Avarice, Fraud, Hypocrisy, and Guile;
Than him bedeck'd in Frankness' easy smile;
Than he who felt Benevolence' ardent glow;
Than he who scorn'd Deception's hidden wile;
Or he who listen'd to the tale of woe.
Alas! to wealth's summit these mov'd upwards few and slow.

XVI.

Tho' sometimes, 'twere unjust to own it not,
Did nobler, worthier, characters succeed,
Who well employ'd the treasures they had got,
To give to art and genius their meed:
To heal the sick, to make the hungry feed,
And chase the woes which wait upon mankind.
These were from mis-gain'd wealth's reproaches freed,
And fe t the pleasures of a god-like mind:
In affluence uncorrupt, in poverty resign'd.

XVII.

Her favourites Wealth receiv'd with smiles, and bade
Them every bliss enjoy she could bestow:
To doze on beds 'midst hoarded riches laid,
And many a costly gem of dazzling glow;
Tended by slaves, who, ever louting low,
Waited their bidding with submission due.
But 'mid this pomp, to wake them bitter woe,
And mar their peace, unseen, vile demons flew,
Care, Envy, Fear, Distrust, and pale Disease's crew.

XVIII.

Listless they sate, and gaz'd upon their store,
Feeling it had no charm to banish sorrow;
The while those demons spread their foreheads o'er
With many a deep and mis'ry-boding furrow:
To-day they spent in wishing for to-morrow;
It came:—and just as listless pass'd away.
They found that Life its pow'r to bless must borrow
From social joys, and Love's endearing sway;
That gold alone can ne'er the toil it gave repay.

XIX.

As slowly ebbs the tide, and swiftly flows,
As human joys came slow, and swift decay;
So 'twas with Wealth—her glittering thousands rose
By labour, guilt, and oft a weary day:
For Pleasure never shed her cheering ray
Upon her path, but care and canker'd guile
Still journey'd with her vot'ries on their way;
Their hearts were hard with many a sinfull wile,
They never shed a tear, nor ever felt a smile.

XX.

By these with trouble fill'd her temple seem'd,
But, as 'twas fill'd, 'twas emptied still more fast;
And scarcely had its swelling coffers teem'd
With treasures by those witless wights amass'd;
When straitway staggering, bloated Luxury pass'd
The gem-bespangled walls, with all his train;
On Fashion's gaudy phantoms reckless cast
The gold for which they toil'd with bitter pain:—
With Labour ebb'd the tide, with Folly flow'd again.

XXI.

Soon as by Wealth supplied, the frolic train
Her temple left, and down the mountain sped,
Wild as the visions of a madman's brain—
By Dissipation and Intemp'rance led:
Whilst all around Profusion idly spread
Her scenes of vast expence and useless glare;
With Fashion in her changeful vest ycled,
A noisy rout, that follow'd swift by Care,
Fell to the mountain's foot ere yet they were aware.

XXII.

Fell to the mountain's foot; where Ruin kept
His drear abode with many a hideous sprite:
There wan Remorse was seen, who never slept,
But ceaseless mourn'd from morning until night.
There also was Disease, a loathsome sight,
That e'er the sons of Luxury did torment;
Some with the gout he gall'd, and some bedight
With blotches foul, that mark a life mispent;
With apoplexy some swift to the grave he sent.

XXIII.

And there was Poverty of pallid mien,
Eyes hollow-sunk, bent back, and tott'ring knee;
Her carcase seem'd such as may oft be seen
Of felon vile rotting on gallows-tree:
In rags half-cloth'd; half-fed; with misery
On bed of straw in chinky hovel laid,

She was a form it shock'd the soul to see.
These, and a many more, unceasing prey'd
On Luxury's fallen sons, and all their sins repaid.

XXIV.

Now leave we them to bear their woeful fate,
And turn again to where the busy throng
To gain Wealth's favors early drudge and late;
As was before descriven in my song:—
With these I noted journeying along
Some who ne'er toil'd, and some who toil'd in vain,
Ill-speeding Wealth's dull votaries among;
Some sigh'd her smiles to see their fellows gain,
And some her favours lost, unconscious of a pain.

XXV.

Chief of this luckless throng a figure stood
Lolling with folded arms and half-clos'd eyes,
E'en thinking 'twas a toil to take his food,
Or from his drowzy attitude to rise.
A tatter'd garment wrapt his bloated size,
With dust besprent and filthy to the sight.
Unknown to deeds of worth or high emprize
The losel was: him Indolence they hight,
The deadly bane of youth, and Emulation's blight.

XXVI.

Sometimes he wish'd his stupor off to shake,
And break the charm which thus his senses bound;
To deeds of noble enterprize awake,
And join the busy croud which buzz'd around;
But still some vain excuse he ever found,
And said, 'To-morrow it will do as well.'
It came—and fled: the same unvaried round
He pass'd, nor could its numbing pow'rs repell,
From morning's rosy dawn, 'till evening's shadow fell.

XXVII.

With him a youthful stripling I beheld;
Careless his gait and modest was his mien,
And in his hand a half-strung lyre he held,
Which oft he struck each idle pause between;
And then in sadness on it he would lean,
And gaze upon the throng which hurried by,
Sighing to think how useless he had been,
Whilst, list'ning to its simple melody,
He linger'd still in want, and dim obscurity.

XXVIII.

Yet he would eye with scorn the senseless croud,
Who ever toil'd to heap their glittering store;
Would gaze with pity on the worlding proud
Who center'd every bliss in sordid ore.
'Grant me, kind Heav'n!' he cried, 'I ask no more,
With calm Content in lowly cot to dwell.
Let others pant for wealth, I prize before
Its listless joys, the Muses' simple shell
Sounded by shepherd-swain from rock or lonely dell.'

XXIX.

And there was Generosity; a form
Whose face with more than mortal lustre shone,
Beaming Benevolence, with rapture warm.
He pitied others mis'ries as his own,
And wept to hear the child of sorrow moan;
Nor could refuse the aid his wants requir'd,
Tho' from himself the joys of life it won;
He hesitated not, but still desir'd
To see the wretched wear the smile which he inspir'd.—

XXX.

But, wightless wight! when stern Misfortune frown'd
On him, and Want oppress'd his noble soul,
No arm to shield him from its power he found,
No friend to save him from its harsh controul:
Whilst black Ingratitude, the fiend most foul
Of many a fiend which poisons man's frail mind,
Bade those who shar'd his purse unpitying scowl
Upon his woes, and pay with words unkind
His lib'ral god-like acts and bounty unconfin'd.

XXXI.

There, too, was he who nobly stemm'd the tide
Of foul Corruption, with undaunted breast;
Who for his country liv'd, and would have died,
Could he have, dying, seen his country blest;
Its woes he pitied and its wrongs redress'd;
To it devoted each successive day;
But him the iron arm of Power oppress'd,
Strewing the thorns of sorrow o'er his way;
And Wealth's gold-glistering height he, fruitless, did essay.

XXXII.

A mingled croud it was of good and bad,
That thus to gain her temple toil'd in vain;
For was it good alone, a thought so sad
Might justify the cynics captious strain.
But many were there join'd the wasteful train
Of Dissipation whilst they yet were poor;
By which the wish'd-for height they ne'er could gain;
And many rais'd a barrier too sure,
In idleness and vice confirm'd past hope of cure.

XXXIII.

From these to lovelier scenes I turn'd my view
(Tir'd with the sight of misery and toil)
Where, mid-way up the mountain, Fancy drew
The cottage of the maid of careless smile,

Y-clep'd Content, who ever did beguile
The passing hours of life of pain and woe;
And sung a lay so heavenly sweet, that while
I listen'd to its sounds, my breast did glow
With thoughts of pleasures pure she only could bestow.

XXXIV.

Hid in a calm recess her cottage stood,
And o'er the porch the winding eglantine,
And modest jessamin, of flower pale-hued,
Their slender tendrils spread with mazy twine—
And fleecy flocks, and herds of lowing kine;
And fields of waving grain, and verdant plains;
And woods of shadowy oak, and tow'ring pine,
Whose breezy murmurs join'd the stock-dove's strains;
Shone sweetly round a spot unknown to cares and pains.

XXXV.

Here dwelt meek Peace, and blushing Innocence
Of downcast look, and eyes of azure die,
Who e'er retir'd with modest Diffidence,
But chief from Folly's crouded haunts did fly:
And here the heav'n-born seraph Charity,
And Friendship mild and Love sincere did dwell;
With Mercy, who did gaze around, and sigh
To see the bitter woes which man befell:—
It was a spot so pure it mocks my pow'rs to tell.

XXXVI.

Than here, no farther toil'd the wiser few
Whom cursed lust of lucre had not fir'd;
But from the world's vain joys for refuge flew,
And to the rustic maid's low cot retir'd,
Feeling a bliss by her alone inspir'd,
'Till in old age they welcom'd Death's long night.
This was the last I saw; for Fancy, tired,
Now fled; and soon these bow'rs of calm delight,
With all the scene around vanished from my sight.

XXXVII.

Then said I, 'Pow'r supreme, whose awful gaze
Pierces earth's centre from thy viewless throne;
Who sees alike the saint's or sinner's ways,
To whom each thought or deed of man is known;
Grant me, O Pow'r supreme! this prayer alone,
In such a state as this to pass my days,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
No more I'd pant for glory's meteor-blaze,
But tune to this my lyre in gratitude and praize.'

XXXVIII.

Now simple Harp of ancient melody
I lay thee by, my youthful task is o'er;
And when, O Harp, again thy chords I try,
Improv'd my mind by time and classic lore;
I, perhaps, may wake a strain, such as of yore
Floated along the winding Mulla's * side;
Or, midst the mountain-circled Conway's roar,
Fell from the druid-bard † at even tide,
To mourn his country's woes, and check her conqueror's pride.

XXXIX.

Yet vain the thought! that I a self-taught swain
Plac'd in a state to poesy unkind,
Should ever sound the Muses' higher strain
Which raises, e'en to extacy, the mind:
And, oh! if Burns in want and sorrow pin'd,
If Otway drank the cup of misery,
Why should I hope a destiny more kind?
I mourn to think on what my fate may be,
But still what'er it is, O Harp, thou'rt dear to me!

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* Spenser had a residence on the banks of the Mulla.

† Gray's Ode.

GLOSSARY.

Aye	Stanza 8, 11,	Ever.
Bedight	—— 22,	Spotted, decked, marked.
Besprint	—— 25,	Sprinkled.
Carle	—— 4,	A mean fellow, a churl.
Descriven	—— 24,	Described.
Eld	—— 13,	An old man.
Eath	—— 15,	Easy.
Hight	2, 12, 25,	Called.
Joyaunce	—— 13,	Pleasure.
Kend	—— 10,	Saw.
Loon	—— 7,	A simpleton.
Lustyhed	—— 10,	Sprightliness, lust.
Louting	—— 17,	Bowing.
Losel	—— 25,	A lazy fellow.
Transmew	—— 13,	Change.
Wend	—— 10,	Travel, go.
Wight	—— 20, 30,	A man, a being.
Ycled	—— 21,	Clad, adorned.
Y-clep'd	—— 33,	Named, called.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Calabria, May 28.

A CORPS of 700 men which the prince of Hesse Philipsthal had landed in Calabria, and which general Regnier had suffered to advance to Mileto, have been surrounded and cut off: all the artillery, baggage, and ammunition, were taken. The general of the enemy, who had fled with a few cavalry, was pursued: in all probability he will be made prisoner, and will not be able to carry the news to Messina. The conduct of the people on this occasion was exemplary: all hastened to take up arms against the enemy.

Constantinople, May 31. A sudden revolution in the government has occurred here. It is well known that the Janizaries have long been discontented with the Nizam Gedidd, or new military tactics. The first symptoms appeared on the 25th instant, at Cavac, a castle upon the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, in a quarrel between a Janizary and a soldier of the Nizam Gedidd, about the new uniform worn by the latter. The Janizary went so far as to reproach the Grand Seignor. The commandant of the castle, hearing of this, gave the Janizary a severe reprimand; a bloody conflict immediately commenced, in which the commandant fell. The insurgents then turned their rage against Mahmud Effendi, who was Reis Effendi in 1805, and was lately inspector of the fortifications; they pursued him to the opposite shore, and massacred him at Bujukdere, together with his secretary, and two domestics.

On the 26th of May they made their appearance at Constantinople. The Grand Seignor not only granted them an amnesty, but also confirmed their choice of an Albanian, as their chief. Cannon were immediately discharged, probably intended as a signal to the rest of their party. On the 28th between 2 and 3000 men had assembled from various quarters, and made themselves masters of the barracks and artillery of Tophana.—Other soldiers also joined them.

The insurgents now applied to the Mufti, in order to obtain his consent to the deposition of the Sultan, against whom they objected, that in consequence of the new measures adopted by him the laws of Islamism had been violated; they also urged the propriety of deposing him, as consistent with the laws of the Koran, because in the course of seven years he was without any direct issue. The Mufti found himself obliged to comply with the demands of the insurgents, and in consequence of his fettwa, the insurrection became general all through Constantinople. The Grand Vizier sought to allay the storm by the adoption of moderate measures, and sent a very condescending letter to the Janizaries; but it had no effect. He sent them the heads of the Bostange Baschi, and two of his ministers, against whom they were bitterly enraged; but even this was of no avail. The ci-devant Kiaja Bey Ibrahim, against whom the public mind was most prejudiced, had disguised himself; but being discovered, he was cut in pieces, and the parts of his body carried about as a spectacle. The treasurer of the Nizam Gedidd, and one of his secretaries, shared the same fate.

On the 29th of May Selim abdicated the throne, and was conducted to the

ancient seraglio, from whence his cousin Mustapha, a son of Abdul Hamed, was brought out and proclaimed emperor. He is a very spirited young man, about 28 years of age.

When he came to the mosque of Achmet, he was saluted by loud acclamations from the Janizaries. Mustapha IV. the new emperor has given the ex-sultan Selim assurances of his care and protection.

The Kaimakan and the first Dragoman are both reinstated in their offices: Aled Effendi, the late ambassador at Paris, is appointed to succeed the present Reis Effendi, who is with the army.

Naples, June 9. The prince of Hesse Philipsthal, attended by about fifty horsemen and some servants, escaped, and arrived at Reggio, after riding about sixty Italian miles. He complained of the fatigues he had sustained, and embarked with all speed for Italy. Scarcely had he set sail, when the French general Abbe arrived at Reggio.

Vienna, June 13. The Grand Vizier's head-quarters are still at Adrianople. The news in the public papers, relative to battles between the Turks and Russians, are not confirmed. On the 20th of May, general Michelson advanced his head-quarters from Bucharest to the Danube. The Servian insurgents have taken Negotyn, and advance with hasty strides against Widdin. The Turkish Ayan of Phillippoli and Rudschuck are still at variance; the former have nearly cut 6000 of the partizans of the latter in pieces.

Prussian Eylau, June 13. The grand army has begun its march from Heilsberg to Eylau; and from Eylau on the two roads from Wittenberg and Bartenstein to Konigsberg. At this moment the Russian army is surrounded. Their line of operation is occupied by the French. The magazines and hospitals are taken. They have suffered near Heilsberg so considerably, that, in the small town of Friedland alone, ten Russian generals, and from two to three thousand men, were found dangerously wounded. Though there is as yet no official account of the French having entered Konigsberg, there is no doubt they have taken possession of it.

Hamburgh, June 19. The events of the 4th and 5th, on the banks of the Passarge, have decided the opening of the campaign in East Prussia. The emperor Napoleon, who, on the first account of the attacks of the Russians, proceeded from Finkenstein to Saalfeld, arrived there on the 7th, and passed the night in the midst of marshal Ney's corps. On the 8th a slight action took place. Some prisoners were made, and it was learned from them that the Russians were in force near Guttstadt. On the 9th the passage of the Passarge was forced near Deppen. On that and the following day the French troops were constantly engaged with the Russians, who were driven back from position to position, and on the morning of the 11th the French, it is said, took possession of Guttstadt, Heilsberg, &c. At the same time the French and Bavarian troops on the Narew advanced forward, and thus all is now in motion along the whole line.

Berlin, June 19. The following has been published here by authority:—

"The French army on the 14th of June celebrated the battle of Marengo in a manner worthy the occasion. The battle of Friedland will be as renowned in history as that of Marengo. The Russian army, anticipated in its movements, pierced in its centre, and cut off from its magazines, was completely defeated. Eighty pieces of cannon taken, from 25 to 30,000 Russians taken prisoners, killed, or drowned in the Alle, are the consequence of this remarkable battle. Thirty Russian generals were killed, taken, or severely wounded. The bodies of several Russian generals remained on the field of battle."

Berlin, June 23. We have learned no further particulars of the memorable day of the 14th; but general Clarke has received fresh dispatches from Wehlau, of the 16th, at seven in the evening. They mention that marshal Soult entered Konigsberg that morning, where he found large magazines, a number of wounded Russians, and between 100 and 150,000 stand of English arms.

The French troops had also passed the Pregel, while the enemy evacuated Wehlau without firing a musket. The

Russians seem to be retiring to Tilsit. The emperor is in good health.

A letter of good authority, from Thorn, mentions that the Russians on the 11th attacked marshal Massena, in his position at Pratnitz, with a much superior force; but that the marshal attacked them in turn on the 12th with his whole corps, defeated them, and of course carried the Russian works near Ostrolenka sword in hand, and made 5000 prisoners.

From Silesia we learn that the important fortress of Cosel has capitulated.

Berlin, June 24. An armistice was concluded on the 22d between Russia and France. One of the articles mentions, that hostilities shall not commence till a month after notice shall have been given.

The French and Prussian armies are to conclude a separate armistice within the interval of the five days following.

His majesty the emperor of the French and his majesty the emperor of Russia are immediately to nominate plenipotentiaries, to negociate the great work of peace: an exchange of prisoners will take place immediately.

Hague, June 25. We have received through various channels the intelligence of an important victory obtained by the grand army over the Russians, at Friedland, on the 14th instant, the anniversary of the famous battle of Marengo.

On the 14th instant, the emperor of the French made a general attack upon the Russian army, in a manner peculiar to himself, and which has so often decided the fate of former battles. He outflanked the enemy, who, in spite of the most obstinate resistance, was defeated and put to flight.

In a small space, ten Russian generals were found killed and wounded, in the midst of 3000 of their soldiers in the same situation.

The French pursue the enemy, who are compelled to leave a great number of killed and wounded behind them.

According to the accounts received, we may assert it as a fact, that Konigsberg is in the hands of the French.

The whole loss of the enemy amounts to 80 pieces of cannon; from 30 to 35,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the enemy's generals killed are Pahlen and Marcoff.

Tilsit, June 25. The conference between the two emperors of Russia and France took place yesterday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on a raft in the Niemen, on which general Lavebois-riere, commander of the artillery of the guard, had caused one pavilion to be erected for their imperial majesties, and another for their attendants. His majesty the emperor Napoleon, attended by the grand duke of Berg, prince of Neufchatel, marshal Bessieres, marshal of the palace Duroc, and Caulaincourt, master of the horse, proceeded to the banks of the Niemen, and went on board the vessel which was to take him to the raft. At the same time the emperor Alexander, with the grand duke Constantine, general Bennigsen, general Ouwaroff, prince Labanoff, and his first adjutant-general, count Lieben, put off from the opposite banks.

The two vessels reached the raft at the same time; the two emperors embraced each other on leaving the vessels, and entered the pavilion prepared for them. Their conference lasted about two hours, and when it was closed the attendants of the two emperors were admitted. The emperor Alexander paid many a handsome compliment to the French officers who attended Napoleon, and the latter conversed for a considerable time with the grand duke Constantine, and with general Bennigsen; both emperors returned afterwards to their vessels.

June 26. Last night, immediately after the conference was over, prince Labanoff arrived in the French head-quarters. A convention was concluded, that one half of the town of Tilsit should be considered as neutral. His majesty the emperor Alexander, his retinue and guards, are to take up quarters in the neutral part of the town.

The emperor of Russia intends, we understand, to dine this day with the French emperor, and it is supposed the king of Prussia will be of the party.

HOME NEWS.

London, June 30.

YESTERDAY the return of sir Francis Burdett for the city of Westminster was celebrated. The procession of the different parishes to Covent-garden, and of the whole body from thence to the house of the baronet, went by a circuitous route, then returning with him to Covent-garden, and from thence to the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand.

The procession commenced from Covent-garden at twelve o'clock, when a great number of electors were assembled. Sir Francis Burdett ascended the car constructed for his reception precisely at three o'clock. The vehicle was intended as an imitation of the ancient triumphal car, but it was by no means classically constructed. It was surmounted on four wheels, superbly ornamented. On the more advanced part was the figure of Britannia, with a spear crowned with the cap of liberty. In the centre was a faggot firmly bound, the emblem of union; and on the posterior part of the platform was a pedestal, on which was placed a gothic chair for the hero of the day. He sat with his head uncovered, and his infirm limb rested on a purple cushion, while the other was sustained on a sort of imperial footstool, under which the monster, Corruption, was seen in an agonising attitude. On different parts of the car were depicted the arms of the city of Westminster, and also the insignia of the united kingdom. Ornamental draperies of crimson velvet and purple silk were distributed in various parts, and the banners embroidered with gold. This equipage was drawn by four milk-white horses, richly caparisoned, and decorated with purple ribbons.

The dinner at the Crown and Anchor was very numerously attended.

July 2. Yesterday, just as his majesty's carriage arrived at the Queen's palace, a woman decently dressed attempted to force her way into the palace after his majesty. M'Manus, Townsend, and Sayers, were in attendance; they seized her, and she proved to be the same woman whom Sayers apprehended a few weeks since, under similar circumstances. She was extremely violent, and said she was sent by the Almighty to see the king, who was a very good sort of man, if they would let him alone. She had a petition and a pamphlet, which she wanted to give to the king. The officers took her to the secretary of state's office. Her name is Margery Flett, and she resides in Star-court, Nightingale-lane, Wapping.

July 4. Between Thursday night and Friday morning the synagogue in Duke's-place, was robbed of all the charitable donations which had accumulated for near a twelvemonth in different boxes, for the use of the poor-house and of those indigent Jews who have not the benefit of the house: The boxes were to have been opened in the course of three weeks by the heads of the synagogue. Four boxes were broke open, and one carried away. It is imagined, that on the congregation going away on Thursday night, the thieves remained behind concealed, and let themselves out

early in the morning, by means of pick-lock keys, with a large booty.

Portsmouth, July 6. On Saturday last the foundation was laid on Portdown Hill, near the road leading to Borchurst, of a monument to the memory of lord Nelson, by the means of a subscription of the officers, marines, and sailors of the fleet under his command at the battle of Trafalgar. This honourable token of their attachment to him and their nation's glory is to combine with its national utility, it being so situated from nautical observations made, as to become a sea-mark for safely conducting vessels into Portsmouth harbour, to avoid the shoal of St. Helen's. It will be a very elevated pillar, although the subscription is a limited one, government having, we understand, freed the stone of the expence of the duty, and the farmer holding a lease of the ground on which it is to be erected, as well as Mr. Thistlethwaite, the lord of the manor, having offered the grant of it without purchase. The design is classically simple and elegant, by the same artist who was architect to the celebrated villa of Mr. A. Goldsmid, at Moredon.

Newry, July 6. A melancholy duel took place in this town a few days ago. The officers were seated after dinner, when the subject of tactics, &c. was introduced. Colonel — and captain — differed, we understand, about the best mode of manœuvring a regiment, on which the colonel insisted that the captain should instantly fight him. The captain laughed, and could not believe him serious, until he swore he should fight him before leaving the room. The door was secured—pistols produced —the ground measured—for the room was so small, that when wheeling round to fire the muzzles of the pistols almost touched—and the colonel shot the captain in the abdomen, of which he died in an hour afterwards. The poor captain too bravely gave him satisfaction; but in place of seeking the colonel's life, fired his pistol into an opposite corner. The captain has left a wife and six children to deplore their protector. The colonel fled through Donaghadee, for Scotland.

London, July 8. About a quarter before five o'clock on Monday afternoon, his majesty's ship Clyde, commanded by commodore Owen, dropped anchor immediately off the east end of the town of Gravesend. Guns were fired from Tilbury fort, and the batteries on the Kent side, and the Gravesend volunteer artillery fired a royal salute from field-pieces placed on Windmill-hill. Soon afterwards, one of the magistrates of the corporation, attended by the town-clerk, went on board the frigate, to make further arrangements for the reception of the duchess of Brunswick on landing. They were received with all possible attention; and it having been determined that the duchess should not land till the morning, by which time it was supposed that the princess of Wales (to whom an express had been sent from Sheerness) might arrive, nothing further was done during that evening.

About half past eight on Tuesday morning the princess arrived from Blackheath.

The mayor and corporation assembled at the town-hall, and afterwards proceeded to the landing-place, where the volunteers also paraded. The interview between the royal personages on board the ship lasted upwards of two hours. At length, exactly at eleven o'clock, the standard was struck and removed to the barge, in which the princess sat on the left of her mother. Repeated discharges of cannon on all sides took place during her approach to the shore. Captain Owen had previously rowed ashore, to receive her royal highness. All descriptions of persons rushed to pay their respectful attention, and vied with each other in the mode of evincing it. The princess first landed, and bowed most gracefully and courteously to the surrounding spectators. Upon the venerable duchess being led by captain Owen upon the platform, the mayor and town-clerk advanced towards her, when the town-clerk read the following address:

'We, his majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the mayor, jurats, and common councillors of the corporation of Gravesend and Milton, most humbly beg leave to offer our congratulations upon your royal highness's safe

return to the dominions of our beloved sovereign.

'Called upon, at the sudden, to express our feelings, we are little able to do justice to them; but they are not the less sincere.

'We entreat your royal highness to believe that his majesty has not any subjects who more fervently wish a continuance of that happiness, which must, upon this occasion, be mutually felt by your royal highness and the excellent princess your daughter.'

The princess curtsied lowly at the concluding sentence. The duchess was, throughout, sensibly affected, and notwithstanding her tears and agitation, replied in the following impressive terms:

'You will easily believe, sir, that my feelings also are too great, on this occasion, to express them as I could wish; I heartily thank you all.'

The effect upon the surrounding beholders was very considerable, and many of them also shed tears. She then proceeded to her carriage, in which the princess was ready to receive her: and a copy of the address having been delivered to her, the whole party immediately drove off for Blackheath.

July 9. Yesterday, about twelve o'clock, the princess Charlotte of Wales, attended by lady De Clifford, left her house in Warwick-street, in her carriage and four, upon a visit to her royal mother, and pay her respects to the duchess of Brunswick, her grandmother. In the evening the princess Charlotte returned to Warwick-house.

July 10. Yesterday morning at ten o'clock his majesty left Windsor, in his travelling carriage, for Blackheath, on a visit to his royal sister the duchess of Brunswick, and princess of Wales. His majesty arrived at the princess's house about one o'clock. On his majesty's alighting from his carriage, he was received by the duchess and princess: the effect of the meeting can be better conceived than described after a separation of such a number of years. His majesty partook of an early dinner, and set off on his return to Windsor at five o'clock.

July 12. A few weeks since the wife of a labourer, after being brought to bed and safely delivered, was seized with an insatiable appetite for food. Her husband being incapable of supporting her unnatural craving, obtained admission for her into St. Bartholomew's hospital, where she remains at present in a most dreadful situation. She eats incessantly, and is supplied with three pounds of beef, a quartern loaf, and proportionable quantity of drink. On one occasion the surgeons ordered her to be kept without eating one hour, and the consequence was, she raised the most shocking cries until her craving was satisfied. She retains her senses, and constantly requests those about her to bear with her unnatural behaviour until she is cured by medical assistance, or death puts an end to her sufferings. Previous to this singular propensity, the unfortunate woman was known to be a very moderate eater.

Deal, July 12. In consequence of the report in circulation of our expedition being stopped at the Sound, it is rumoured here that a squadron consisting of eight or ten sail of the line will be sent out immediately to force their passage to the Baltic. It does not seem unlike that there may be some truth in this rumour, as two sail of the line arrived in the Downs this morning, (the Brunswick and Maida, 74's); three others have been expected up all the day, and it is thought they will be augmented from admiral Russell's squadron, off Yarmouth.

London, July 14. Yesterday was the day appointed for the first interview of the queen and the principal part of the royal family with the venerable duchess of Brunswick. After breakfast their majesties and the princesses left Windsor for London, and arrived at the Queen's palace about twelve o'clock. The duke and duchess of York, the dukes of Kent and Cambridge, came soon after. At about a quarter past one o'clock, the duchess of Brunswick and the princess of Wales arrived from Blackheath in an open landau; they came by the way of great George-street, Westminster, and through the Birdcage walk, in St. James's Park, where the royal family only can ride. It not being generally known that the meeting

was to take place, but few persons were assembled about the palace. The great doors of the palace were thrown open upon the arrival of the carriage, and the marchioness of Bath, the mistress of the robes to her majesty and the principal lady of the bedchamber, was in attendance to receive their royal highnesses. The noble marchioness handed them from their carriage, and walked on the left side of the duchess, and the princess of Wales on her right, across the grand hall to his majesty's dining-room, where their majesties pages were in attendance, to usher them into their majesties presence.

July 20. The Prince of Wales, of 98 guns, came into the Downs yesterday at noon, and immediately a signal was made for the fleet for the Baltic to unmoor.—At four the signal was made to weigh, and in a quarter of an hour the whole fleet sailed to the northward with a fine breeze at S. W.—

	Guns.		Guns.
Prince of Wales..	98	Maida........	74
Alfred...........	74	Ganges.......	74
Centaur.........	74	Defence......	74
Brunswick.......	74	Captain......	74
Spencer.........	74		

Besides frigates, sloops, and brigs. The Mars, 74, and three frigates, remain in the Downs.

July 21. A most shocking accident occurred on Wednesday afternoon, at a gentleman's house, on the left of the top of May's-hill, Blackheath:—A Newfoundland dog, which was tied up near the stable door belonging to the mansion, had broke his chain by which he was tied up, and for some time kept howling at the house-door. On its being opened, the sagacious animal gently seized the garments of the lady belonging to the house, and conducted her towards the stable.—On one of the servants opening the door, the corpse of the man servant, who took care of the horses, presented itself in a mangled state, too shocking to describe. One of the horses, to all appearance, had kicked the poor man in the stomach, and he fell between the horse's legs and the boarding of the stable. The animal, from the state of the body, had continued to kick and plunge until the stable-door was opened.—A coroner's inquest has sat on the body.

BIRTHS.

June 22. At his house in Bentinck-street, the lady of sir Robert Wilson, of a daughter.

At her aunt's, in Downing-street, the lady of major Weston, of a daughter

26. At Hirst-grove, in the county of Berks, the lady of D. Ximenes, esq. of a son.

30. The lady of B. Hobhouse, esq. of a son.

The lady of Joseph Labulmondiere, esq. of a son.

July 2. At Macclough, Radnorshire, the seat of Walter Wilkins, esq. M. P. the hon. Mrs. Wilkins, of a son and heir.

6. Her grace the duchess of Rutland, of a son and heir; on which occasion rejoicings took place at Belvoir and Grantham.

12. At his lordship's house, in Hertford-street, May-fair, lady Milton, of a daughter.

13. In Great Cumberland-street, the lady of Edward Hussey, jun. esq. of a son and daughter: the latter survived but a short time.

16. The lady of Thomas Richard Walker, esq. of a son.

The lady of R. G. Eddison, of Kingerstone, in Essex, of a daughter; being the first child after having been married 19 years.

18. In Portland-place, the countess of Mansfield, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 11. At Kilham, in the county of York, by the rev. Thomas Milnes, vicar of Burton Agnes, the rev. Thomas Ibbotson, to miss Ann Cranswick, of the same place.

25. At Hull, county of York, captain Anderson, of Kilham, same county, to Mrs. Anderson, widow of the late Edward Anderson, esq. ship-owner, of the same place.

July 1. At Harwich, by special licence, the rev. Herbert Marsh Margaret, professor of divinity, and fellow of St. John's College, in the University of Cambridge, to miss Marianne Emilie Charlotte Lecarriere, daughter of the late John Lecarriere, esq. merchant, at Leipsig.

2. By special licence, by the rev. Dr. Barton, Richard Neave, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, third son of sir Richard Neave, bart. to miss Irvine, only daughter of Alexander Irvine, esq. deceased.

3. At St. Martin's in the Fields J. T. Briggs, esq. of Craven-street, to miss Lewis, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Lewis, of Ely-place.

4. At Bengeo, Hertfordshire, by the Rev. Dr. Henly, the rev. Joseph Hallet Batten, M. A. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to miss Catharine Maxwell, third daughter of Hamilton Maxwell, esq. of Edinburgh.

7. At Mary-le-bone church, Charles Shard, esq. of Lovell-hill, Berks, to Sarah, only child of the rev. Edward Stone, rector of Horsenden, in Bucks.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the rev. Anthony Hamilton, son of Archdeacon Hamilton, to miss Farquhar daughter of sir Walter Farquhar, bart.

9. At Studham, in Bedfordshire, by the rev. James Horseman, Robert Bentley, esq. of Bedford-street, Covent-garden, to miss Goodwin, daughter of George Goodwin, esq. of Studham.

At St. Clements, Richard Dayrell, esq. of Lillingstone Dayrell, Bucks, to miss Dax, daughter of John Dax, esq. of Carey-street.

13. At Whitehall, by special licence, the hon. Lindsay Meyrick Burrell, second son of the right hon. lord Gwydir, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late James Daniell, esq.

15. At the church of Battersea, Surry, Thomas Smith, esq. of Nottingham, to miss Benwell, of Battersea.

16. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the rev. Dr. Kelly, Richard Bogue, esq. captain in the royal horse artillery, to miss Hanson, daughter of John Hanson, esq. of Russel-square.

At Merribane-chapel, John Bainbridge Story, esq. of Lockington, Leicestershire, to miss Sophia Knightley, of Preston, Northamptonshire.

DEATHS.

June 10. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, deeply lamented by his family and friends, in the 39th year of his age, Mr. Edward Manners, keeper of the house of correction, and son of the late Mr. Manners, town-marshal of that corporation.

17. At Fowlers, in Kent, Mrs. Frances Bridger, sister to sir John Bridger, and only surviving daughter of the late John Bridger, esq. Combe-place in the county of Sussex.

July 1. At his house in Lansdown-grove, Bath, Edward Wilmot esq. formerly of Duffield, in the county of Derby.

At his house in Gower-street, Bedford-square, sir Robert Jefferson, knt. one of the judges of the island of Antigua.

10. At Wake's-hotel, London, lieutenant colonel Wheat, at Barton-house, Somersetshire.

At the Lodge Hillingdon, Middlesex, Robert Freeman, esq. M. D. aged 73 years.

11. At his house in Millman-street, John Short, esq. of Edlington, Lincolnshire.

16. At his house, Ludgate-hill, Mr. Quintin Kay, in the 80th year of his age.

Mrs. Knyvett, wife of Charles Knyvett, esq. of Park-lane, and of Sunning, in the county of Berks.

21. At Clifton, Bristol, sir Samuel Hayes, of Drumboe-castle, Donnegal, bart.